TWOPENCE
Vol. LXI.
1604.

LAST DAYS TO WIN HOUSE, PENSION, £1,000! (SEE PAGES 46 & 47)

JOHN BULL

5,000 HOOVERS

TO BE LENT *Free* FOR SPRING CLEANING!

THIS advertisement means exactly what it says. There are no conditions, no payments and you place yourself under no obligation. FOR TWO DAYS—the Hoover will be just as much yours as if you had bought it, enabling you, without hard work, to spring-clean the whole house from floor to ceiling.

WE DELIVER — WE COLLECT!

Don't disarrange those Rooms!

Don't take up those Carpets!

FILL IN THE COUPON NOW!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to fill in the coupon with your name and address, put a cross on the date in the calendar when you want the machine delivered, fill in number of bedrooms in your house (so that we can send the machine most useful to you) and post the coupon. EVEN IF YOU HAVE ANOTHER MAKE of cleaner, we still invite you to take advantage of this offer, because probably the cleaner you have does not beat the carpets, and beating is particularly essential at spring-cleaning time.

THE HOOVER BEATS ON A CUSHION OF AIR

The Hoover cleaning process beats your carpets far more thoroughly, yet far more gently, than if they were taken up and beaten out-of-doors by hand. It vibrates the dirt to the surface, sweeps it up and suctions it away into the Hoover bag. In one dustless, effortless operation it not only cleans carpets to the roots but also re-erects the pile and freshens the colours.

FOR CURTAINS, UPHOLSTERY, CUPBOARDS, ETC.

With each machine will be lent free a complete set of the Hoover dusting tools so useful for spring-cleaning. With these you can air-clean and brighten upholstered furniture, heavy curtains and cushions. You can dust high cornices, picture rails and cupboard tops. You can even spring-clean your dog—and your car's upholstery.

Post the Coupon now and make certain of your Hoover!

COUPON

TO HOOVER LTD., DEPARTMENT X.3. PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX.

Please arrange for me to have a Hoover for two days. I would like it on the date crossed on the calendar. It is understood that this places me under no obligation whatever.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Number of Bedrooms .....

MARCH						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
·	·	·	·	·	·	·
·	·	·	·	·	·	·
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	·	·	·

APRIL						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
·	·	·	·	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	·

MAY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
·	·	·	·	·	·	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	·	·	·
·	·	·	·	·	·	·

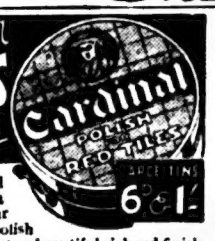
N.B. Please allow us a [illegible]ast six days to make the necessary arrangements.

The HOOVER

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

It BEATS... *as it Sweeps... as it Cleans*

Beautify your RED TILES with Cardinal



Red Tiles and Red Composition Floors that have lost their colour need 'Cardinal'—the polish that immediately imparts a beautiful rich red finish. Also excellent for Front Steps, Stone and Concrete Paths, etc. Made by makers of Mansion Polish.

Of all Dealers.

Also in BUFF, GREEN and WHITE.

CARDINAL POLISH

A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

where you LIVE NOW

CYCLES FROM 57/6 CASH OR TERMS

THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1937 Models at lower prices and terms than Agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

8/- DOWN BRINGS HAPPY WINTER NIGHTS

£13

For this small instalment you can have a Riley "HOME" Billiard Table delivered to your door on 7 days' Free Trial, carriage paid. The balance you pay as you play. A REAL Billiard Table—not a toy, but a perfect replica of a full-size table that will ensure endless happy evenings for all the family. Write for Art List which shows sizes and prices of all Riley "Home" Billiard Tables; also Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables.

FREE Write for Art List

Rileys are the largest makers of full-size billiard tables in Great Britain.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 11, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

HARLEY STREET TRIUMPHS WITH INFRA-RED TREATMENT

INTELLIGENT MEN & WOMEN MOVE WITH THE TIMES

by reading about this marvellous hospital model INFRA-RED RAY GENERATOR (at the amazingly low price of 50/6) in our Illustrated Brochure sent post free FREE on application, which also gives deferred terms.

RAYMOND, PHILLIPS & Co. Ltd. (Dept. J.B.) 324/6, Regent Street, London, W.1. Phone Langham 3436.

1/6 WEEK

PAIN'S WONDER-TONE RADIO SET SENT FOR 4/6

Carriage Paid. In approved orders. Terms: 20 Fortnightly payments of 8/- or 8 Monthly of 17/6

The World's Best Radio Value. Wonderful tone, ample volume; selective tuning. Medium and Long Waves. Two-colour metre marked tuning Dial. Complete with 3 Valves, all batteries and FREE complete Radio Book. CASH 79/6 (aerial wire 1/6 extra. FREE BARGAIN catalogue of everything useful, all from 6d. A WEEK. Delight or money back. PAIN'S Pennate House, Ltd., Dept. 36.W, HASTINGS.

CORONATION SOUVENIR FREE TO ALL "JOHN BULL" READERS PURCHASING

26-piece CUTLERY CANTEEN

Comprising:—
6 Stainless Nickel Silver Knives, mirror finished blades, with White XYLO handles.
6 Dessert Forks; 6 Dessert Spoons; 6 Tea Spoons; 2 Table Spoons (each piece guaranteed Stainless). Fully finished presentation case.

Artistically arranged in a beautifully lined inside with real silk and velvet. Offered to "John Bull" readers at the very special price of 18/11. (Cash or C.O.D.) Carriage paid. Packing Free.

REMEMBER! Each Canteen carries the "John Bull" Money Back guarantee.

d. S. HARMAN & CO. (Dept. S.W.), 16, Norris Road, Birmingham, 6.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

To stand on your dining table. Overall size: 5ft 2½in x 2ft 5½in

BILLIARDS IN YOUR HOME

Think of the countless hours you & your family can enjoy playing billiards in your own home with a Graves Home-size Billiards Table Outfit. British-made throughout with reinforced extra firm bed, Para-rubber cushions, brass pocket plates and cord net pockets, adjustable rubber feet, nicely finished Mahogany cradle combined rails. With 2 Ash Cues, 3 Moulded Billiard Balls, Marking Board, with metal pointers. Chalk, etc., all ready to start a game. No extra charge for Easy Payments. Terms: 5/- Monthly. Carriage Paid 55/-

5/- Monthly

CATALOGUE of Home Billiard Tables, all sizes. Post Free. All on Easy Terms. — J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

RECEIVED SHED 1 P.M.. Erected BY 4 P.M.!

You, too, can erect a Thorns Portable Building in record time. The sections fit accurately and have "Strongues" steel braced corners. Roofing felt is included. Delivered on first payment and on fullest approval. Write NOW for FREE Catalogue No. 46.

THORNS SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS

Long.	Wide.	Hgt.	Cash.	Down.	Mthly.	
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2.7.6	5/6	6/6	Floors
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£3.1.6	4/3	5/7	extra.
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£3.7.6	4/6	6/1	Many
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	£4.1.6	5/-	7/4	other
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4.17.6	6/3	8/10	sizes.

Delivered Free or Carriage Paid England and Wales

Front Door Handle from 2/- extra

Garden Shelters from 6/9 down

THORNS Portable Buildings

Send NOW for Free CATALOGUE No. 46. J. THORN & SONS Ltd. BRICK WORKS BRAMPTON ROAD, BEXLEYHEATH, KENT. Tel.: BEXLEYHEAT 330

IF YOU ARE EXPECTING A BABY

SEND TO ME NOW AND GET SATISFACTION. ONLY BEST MATERIALS USED. COMPARISON INVITED

30/-

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes. 75 Delightful Garments For Winter or Summer Use ... with and Wool Shawl, Knit ... Lawn or Wincey Day Gown, ... or Wincey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Barn Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Matinée, Coats Trunk Sets, Turk, Napkins, Shawls, Material ANYTHER PUR- SEND CHASER WRITES: 2/- "The layette received has been admired by many. My friend paid FOR PARCEL ON nearly £3 for her Baby's APPROVAL clothes, and they are Ralli ... letter to yours, and Mrs. J. B. HOWARD, hers did not contain 66, Dover Road, short." Portsmouth.

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After months of intensive effort and research we are pleased to announce that the 1937 edition of our Handbook, "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES," is now out of the publishers' hands and ready for free distribution. Containing 268 pages of practical guidance, this book is, beyond argument, the finest and most complete handbook on Successful Engineering Careers ever compiled. It is a book that should be on the bookshelf of every person interested in Engineering whatever his age, position or experience. The Handbook contains, among other intensely interesting matter, details of B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., A.M.I.W.T., A.M.I.R.E., CIVIL SERVICE and other important Engineering Examinations; outlines courses in all branches of CIVIL, MECHANICAL, ELECTRICAL, AUTOMOBILE, RADIO, TELEVISION and AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING, BUILDING, GOVERNMENT EMPLOYMENT, etc., and outlines the unique advantages of our Employment Department.

WE DEFINITELY GUARANTEE "NO PASS—NO FEE"

If you are earning less than £10 per week you cannot afford to miss reading "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES." In your own interests we advise you to send NOW for your free copy of this enlightening guide to well paid posts. There is no cost or obligation of any kind.

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY

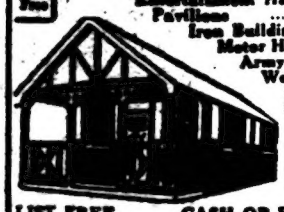
56a, SHAKESPEARE HOUSE, 17, 18 & 19, STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.1

FILMS FREE FOR EASTER

We lend your Camera FREE with an ultra-rapid British made "Gratispool" Film, to advertise the Gratispool Service. No "CATCH." Send this ad. with name, address and 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and free film will be sent by return. THESE SIZES ONLY: 3¼ x 2½, 4¼ x 2½, 3 x 3, or 2½ by 1¾ films, and to fit KODAK 620 Cameras.

GRATISPOOL CO. (DEPT. J.B.1) 37, ISLES LANE, LEEDS, 11.

TIMBER BUILDINGS



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Bungalows	£15
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Iron Buildings	£4
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Workshops	£10
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Shelters	£5
Stabling	£20
Huts	50/-
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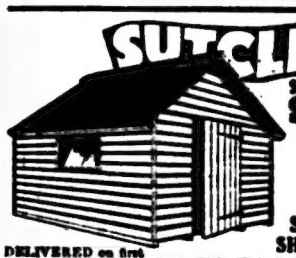
LIST FREE CASH OR EASY TERMS

C. ALBERT & CO. (Dept. J.B.)

187, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

SUTCLIFFES STORE SHED FROM 3'8 MONTHLY

Design S.S. SMALL STORE SHEDS from 30/-



DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Frame, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, neatly the best value. Sent carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.)

Long.	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2 0 0 — 3/8
7ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2 8 0 — 3/10
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4 5 0 — 7/6
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	£5 10 0 — 10/1

Send for Free CATALOGUE. Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Work Shops Aviaries, etc. All Carriage Paid.

F. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 62, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 49-52, Oxford St., W.1.

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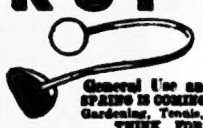

THE PALLANT FLYWEIGHT DE LUXE

Combined support for General Use and Home or Sea BATHING. SPRING IS COMING. With it Holidays, Sea Bathing, Gardening, Tennis, Cricket, etc.

THINK FOR A MOMENT

Are you still enduring the discomforts of understraps? If so, WHY, WHY, WHY? The DE-LUXE FLYWEIGHT does not require understraps. The Ball and Socket action gives complete security with absolute freedom of movement. It weighs only a few ounces, yet is as strong as the heaviest truss; and NO HIP PRESSURE. Blunden's also have SIX OTHER RUPTURE Supports without understraps. Send no money. The prices are lower than other appliances, and you are allowed to

Test it before you pay!

Approved Societies usually allow full amount. Write or call BLUNDEN SURGICAL APPLIANCE Co., Ltd. (Dept. 529L), 9-15, Oxford St., London, W.1. Manchester Branch: 6, John Dalton Street.

"A Gift for every JOHN BULL reader"

Here is fashion's latest pocket Watch—the thin, lightweight dress type, modernly cased in chrome with the new 16/17 Ruled lodged bezel, expertly engraved and fitted with contrasting black and white dial, unbreakable glass. Smart yet very strong and absolutely reliable. 5 years' guarantee. Yours by return for 1/- down and promise of 1/- weekly until 16/- is paid, or full cash 15/6 post free.

Mention "John Bull" and you will receive absolutely free a finely woven chrome milanese fob strap with accurate compass, as now worn. Send 1/- NOW!

1/- DOWN

Yours FREE!

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HEARING AIDS AT WHOLESALE PRICES. NO BATTERIES—NO WIRES ABOVE LOBE INVISIBLE. NO cellous new model ... RENEWALS OTHER PARTS—NO —PERFECT HEARING. ... the ear. Complete in themselves. Wonderful Power. Price only £1 1s. per pair, as sold elsewhere at £5 5s. The greatest offer ever made to the deaf.

NOTE THE SIZE IT'S NEW

NOTE THE PRICE 21/- as sold elsewhere at £5 5 0

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days ... TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. HILL, Ltd., Medical Dept., ... St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Station). ... Also at 431, Chester Road, Manchester. Supplied under National Health ...

"Every Turn is First Turn." IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

We want to pay you £5 a week—and more, as a 'John England' Trust Clubholder. Every turn FIRST turn—no waiting. Bargains from 2/6 to £3. All goods delivered on payment of first subscription, carriage free. No charge for credit. All postages paid. No DEPOSIT: 1st shilling secures. 20 WEEKS to pay and only 5 shares needed to start. Here is your opportunity.

POST THIS COUPON NOW.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

S.42

JOHN ENGLAND'S TRUST CLUB, India Pavilion, Wembley, Middlesex.

RECORD 'XL' BARGAIN BALE

20/- Complete Bale. Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D.

Special to "John Bull" readers. Best Marvellous Value ever offered. Read the Guaranteed Content:—
2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size 80 x 60. 1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket 64 x 72. 2 Yorks. White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, durable, 82 x 70. 1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, 90 x 70 (White or Coloured). 1 White Damask Tablecloth, 58 x 52, coloured borders, Gold, Rose & Pink. 1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Beige grounds. Centre design edged Art. Silk Embroidery, 66 x 56. 1 Fringy Coloured Table Cover, 36 x 36. 1 Elegant Embossed Rexine Cake or Fruit Dish, size 11½ ins. 1 Ladies' Full Size Overall or Blouse. 2 White Pillow Cases, Coloured Embroidery, Pink, Blue, Gold, 30 x 18. Illus. Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free. F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Wembley Road, LEEDS

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Great 128-page Guide on GARDENS, POULTRY, DOGS, PIGEONS, RABBITS.

Written by experts and fully illustrated, together with our latest List. Fill in the Form below.

To T. BATH & CO., LTD., 3-7, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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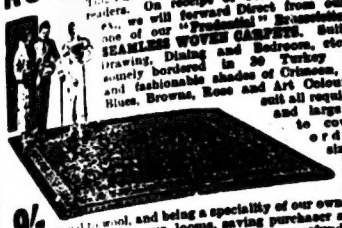
Address .....

Insert in unsealed envelope (d.)

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Presidential" Reversible REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., hand-somely bordered in 20 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimsons, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover ANY ordinary sized room. They are made of material



9/- equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testi-monials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a hand-some rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 Carpets, 2 Rugs, as 1/2 Dimensions for 20/-, Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

SPECIAL OFFER — CHIMNEY SWEEPING and Drain Cleaning Machines

20ft. Finest Quality Canes fitted Best Brass Screws and Sockets. 18in. Brass Chimney Brush. Carriage 1/-. Archimedean Drain Cleaner included. Cash re-funded if not satisfied.

12/6

40ft. 12/-, 50ft. 22/6, 60ft. 30/-, 80ft. 35/-, 100ft. 45/-. The above are best Quality—Stores Quality, 20ft. 9/-. Carr. 1/-. Leaflet of Sweeps and Drain Tools Post Free. Other sizes:

S. TYZACK & SON, LTD. (J.B.35), 341, 343 & 345, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

YOURS FOR £5

Latest 1937 350 c.c. Twin

Douglas

£34.10.0 cash.

Save time, fares and money with the latest DOUGLAS, fully guaranteed. Particulars of these remarkable terms by return post. All 1937 makes on similar terms. 2,000 other new and second-hand bargains. Highest exchange allowance on car, motor-cycle, or cycle. Read "Popular Motorcycling" and win a new Motor Cycle. Bri 6411. LIST J.B. FREE.

60 M.P.H. 12/5 tax.

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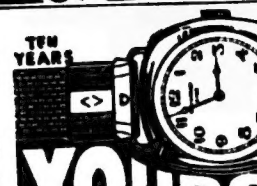
PRIDE & CLARKE LTD

158 STOCKWELL RD BRIXTON LONDON S.W.9

TEN YEARS WARRANTY — YOURS for 3D. DEPOSIT



The Biggest Watch Bargain of the Century. Latest model Gent's keyless Wrist Watch. Tested shock proof lever movement. Timed to a minute a month. Im-proved action. Polished Chrome Platinon case, wide leather strap. Send only 3d. deposit. Balance after approval, 1/- fortnightly until 9/9 is paid, or fitted Chrome Mesh extension 11/9, same terms. Ladies' size, same quality on Black Moire Band 9/9, or expanding Bracelet 11/9. Either model Ladies' or Gent's for 3d. deposit. Write for fully illustrated List of Watch Bargains post free.

J. A. DAVIS & CO., (Dept. J.B. 181), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E. 5

THAMES UTILITY

STEEL BRACED CORNERS!

STEEL TIED ROOFS!

Planed Framing and Weatherboards, Tongued and Grooved Roofs & Floors. Corners Steel Braced. Mortised and Tenoned Doors and Door Frames. Roofs Steel Tied. All windows open. Lock, Key and Bolts to Doors. Felt & Battens included.

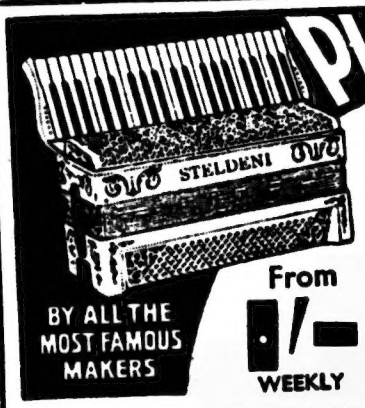
THE "SNIP" GARAGE. SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES.

Lth.	Wth.	Ht.	Cash.	Dep.	12 pyts.
10	7	8	£5/10/-	6/-	10/2
12	8	8	£6/10/-	8/-	11/10
14	8	8	£7/15/-	10/-	14/1

Asbestos Garages from 90/-. List G. Free Delivery England and Wales. Free Plans for Councils.

THAMES UTILITY BUILDINGS, 7, WEST ST., ERITH, KENT. (Props.: Thames Steam Saw Mills, Ltd.) Phone: Erith 2672-3. (Est. 40 Yrs.)

PIANO ACCORDIONS



BY ALL THE MOST FAMOUS MAKERS

From 1/- WEEKLY

BONELLI, STELDENI, VISSIMIO, PANCOTTI, HOHNER, CRUCIANELLI, PAOLO SOPRANI, ETC., ETC. USED AND RECOMMENDED BY BAND LEADERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

"Buy an Accordion by a Famed Maker."

Here we offer a very wonderful Bargain. £5.5.0 MODEL FOR 47/6

Real Piano Accordions at specially reduced prices. By STELDENI. Piano finished cabinet tonal reeds, metal-bound bellows, triple chord action. Complete with shoulder strap. 21 piano keys, 8 basses. Cash price 47/6, or sent on receipt of 2/6 First Instalment, Balance payable 4/- monthly until £2.6 is paid. Elaborate Tutor supplied. Other cheaper model accordions from 39/6. Write for fully illustrated list of models with 25 keys, 12 bass; 25 keys, 24 bass; 34 keys, 48 bass; 41 keys, 120 bass; etc., on equally attractive terms. The remarkably Low Terms for Monthly Payments ensure the immediate popularity of these fine instruments.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.50), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

3 WAY BED SETTEE

LOUNGE SETTEE or FULL LENGTH BED

AS A BED

37/- or 2/- weekly. Carr. & Pack. Eng. & W. 3/-

Patent Spring Seat. Solid Oak Frame. Turned Legs. 3 Velvet Cord Cushions, colours to suit everyone.

Send for new coloured catalogue 3.3 of Wonderful Bargains in upholstered Chairs, Bedroom and Dining Room Suites.

Cheques, Registered Letters or Crossed P.O.'s to NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD., 52, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1

WONDERFUL 2 MINUTE TROUSERS CREASER

1 PAIR 9 POST 4d. 3 prs. 5/- 6 prs. 9/- POST FREE

Magic is the only word for it. We challenge any tailor to produce a more perfect crease. Miles better than any Press. Makes baggiest trousers hang with faultless knife crease, and takes only 2 minutes to use as shown. No screws, springs or wires. Packs flat. Everlasting wear. Worth its weight in gold to smart men.

FREE GIFT OF MARVELLOUS TIE STRETCHER with 3 pairs 5/-. Two gifts with 6 pairs 9/-

Wm. PENN, LTD. (Dept. 12), 623, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

EARN WHILE LEARNING THE PIANO-ACCORDION

Mr. F. Bliff writes:—"I have already earned more than the fee for the lessons." If Mr. Bliff can do this why not you? For only 2/6 weekly you can MASTER THE INSTRUMENT and become a proficient accordionist (as 4,000 others have done) in a relatively short time by the

HOHNER SIMPLE SYSTEM OF SELF-TUITION

Write for FREE BOOK

HOHNER SCHOOL OF PIANO-ACCORDION PLAYING 179 (J.B.120), Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

THIS CAN MEAN £2 to £4 at least!

read what Gracie Fields says

Here is your opportunity to make from £2 up to £5 and more with just a few minutes' spare time each week.

Britain's greatest stage and screen star says: "It is a real pleasure to me to recommend the Worldwide Clubs . . . Worldwide organisers certainly do their friends a real good turn and . . . make a nice little bit of 'extra brass' for themselves."

Learn more about this easy and pleasant way to add pounds to your income. You will enjoy every minute as a 'Worldwide' Club organiser—it is a dignified and profitable hobby for any man or woman. No selling to do. No samples to carry. No capital required.

Don't miss this splendid opportunity—fill in your name and address and post the Coupon to-day for full particulars—quite free and without any obligation.

Post this Coupon for full details

To:—WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, CHARLES STREET, MANCHESTER 1.

Please send me free and without any obligation your Bargain Catalogue and Booklet, "Here's Extra Money," showing how I can make from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

NAME, M.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

J.B.104 .....
(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required)

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES Charles St. MANCHESTER 1

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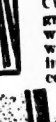

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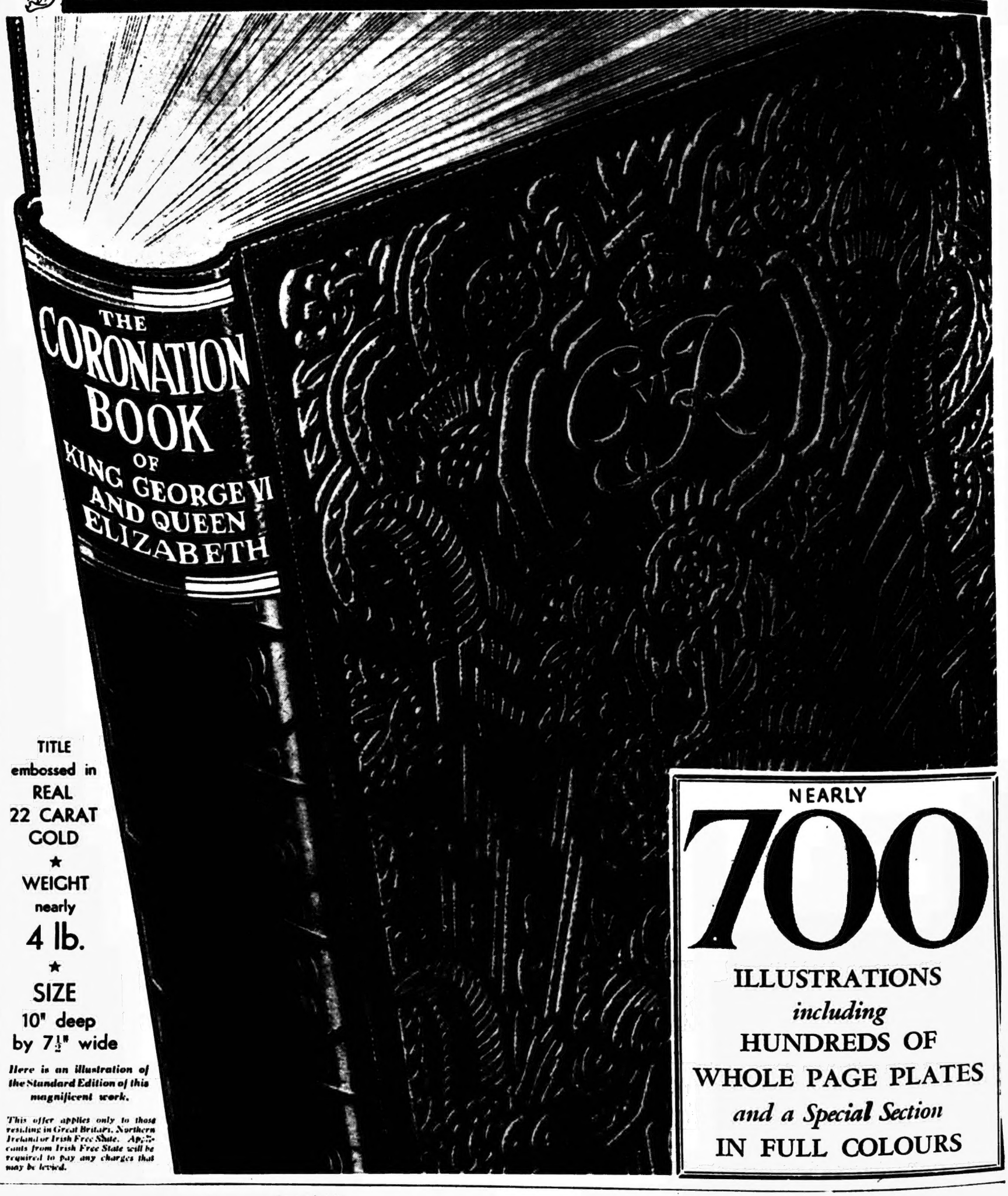

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Selling Babies ABROAD

FOREIGN baby-traffickers are doubling their activities. They know that, within the next few months, loopholes in the child adoption laws will be closed.

And they are making the most of the delay to reap a last terrible harvest. Foreign agents, working behind the scenes, have high hopes of exporting an unprecedented number of British infants to the Continent in the near future.

Spurious "adoption agencies," working openly, are combing the country for fresh victims. Men and women who pose as childless couples are doing a flourishing business in the type of blackmail which has the unwanted baby as its decoy.

Sensational? Yes, but not more so than the evidence taken by the Departmental Committee which for many months has been investigating the world's wickedest trade.

The nature of that evidence prompted Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, to ask the committee to hurry up its enquiry; a Government Bill to deal with the scandals revealed was promised "early in the New Year," and may now be expected some time in the Spring.

And so—a breathing-space for the baby-traffickers.

Most active of them all are the persons in this country who represent agencies abroad.

Hundreds of British babies leave our ports every year for Holland, France, Belgium and America.

HOLLAND is unquestionably the centre of this infamous trade. Dr. Sark, of the National Federation for the Unmarried Mother in the Netherlands, who recently came to London to give information to the committee, testifies that large numbers of English-born children pass into the hands of unscrupulous Dutchmen—to grow up in an atmosphere of vice and crime and to be exploited.

More than two hundred are "lost" in this way a year.

All attempts to stop the evil have failed. Home Office conferences with foreign police authorities have made it clear that nothing can be done until our laws are strengthened.

For this purpose, the committee's report will advise that no British child should be sent out of the country for adoption without the express permission of the Home Secretary.

This recommendation is certain to be carried out. And our alien traders in human flesh and blood are fully aware of the fact.

A notorious Dutchman who may be regarded as the Continent's leading baby-snatcher has himself come to London to supervise his agents' race against time.

Where do they find their victims? That is easily understood. The majority are obtained from the merciless "foster-mothers" who undertake the care of illegitimate children.

Not for sale—but hundreds like him are sold abroad yearly

There is a strong suspicion that some of those whose adoptions are arranged by certain bogus British agencies eventually share the same fate.

In a different category are the individuals who use unwanted babies as instruments of blackmail, and who advertise in a provincial newspaper: "Childless couple wish to adopt baby: comfortable home, loving care guaranteed."

It is answered by an unmarried mother who finds her child an insuperable obstacle in the way of earning a living but dreads having to send it to the workhouse.

A meeting is arranged with the advertisers—a plausibly tongued couple who seem attracted to the infant and lavish false affection upon it.

They are willing to adopt it for a consideration.

The price may range from £5 to £50, according to the mother's circumstances. A few months pass. She is staggered to receive a letter telling her that the "adopters" are in financial difficulties. There will be a veiled hint that unless she makes regular payments her employers may "get to hear" of the circumstances.

She will be wiser if she takes the child back, for invariably the mites entrusted to them are half-starved and ill-treated.

PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, may have surprised many people when she recently referred to the "shocking places" where baby-farming is still practised.

One woman inspector can tell of a foster-mother who, licensed to take eight children, actually had eighteen living in the most appalling conditions. The extra ones were given a dose of laudanum to keep them quiet when the inspector called.

Another welfare worker, looking at four children eating a hearty meal and apparently in the best of health, noticed that the youngest was aged about three. According to her schedule, it should have been only a few months old.

Hearing a baby's cry from an upstairs room, she burst open the door and found two infants in soap-boxes.

One was suffering from acute bronchitis; the eyes of the other were completely closed with sores. The healthy youngsters had been hastily borrowed from a neighbour on the pretext of a children's party.

It is predicted that the Home Secretary's proposed Bill will ensure a stricter watch on such foster-mothers. It will provide the death-blow to the bogus agencies which we have often attacked, as well as to the blackmailing "adopters" and the foreign "exporters."

We hope all these aims will be realised. But we also hope there will be no further delay to benefit the thugs and ruffians who, as we have said, are trading more busily than ever before on the lives of babies.

Is this too much to ask—when every day may mean a lifetime of misery for another British child?

Pay Packet Empty: Robbed of Dole

How Employers Trick Labour Exchanges
Anti-Gas Plan: Storm Coming
Financial Crook Prospers

WAGE earners paid by the week are facing a new menace.

It is the system of "standing down" which is now common throughout industry.

Men are told: "No work next week." Or it may be for four or five days.

They are not given their cards, because technically they are still employed.

* * *

If they demand them to take to the labour exchange and get unemployment benefit, they are generally told to keep them. In other words, they are sacked.

Women and girls suffer from the evil as much as men.

If they are "off" for a full week they do not need to stamp their cards for that period.

But if they are employed for only one day in that week, as frequently happens in certain trades, they must pay their full contribution.

* * *

The practice forces a man and his family to live for a fortnight on one week's pay.

In addition, he has often to pay two weeks' contributions out of one week's earnings. It reduces the lower ranks of wage earners to semi-starvation.

But fear of losing their jobs prevents them from making a stand over obtaining benefit.

* * *

Many employers encourage this fear. They do not want cards to go to the labour exchange every time a man stands down.

It would give them a bad name. They are very anxious that the extent of the practice should not be known to the unions.

Latest case is of a firm with a chain of shops. One section of workers was told its job showed a "deficit" of £45 a week.

To put it right, so many men would have to stand down for a week in turn.

In this way it is estimated firm will gain £140. But same amount of work will be done.

Sweating? Well, just a new angle on it. With a nice fat bit of extra profit for the firm thrown in.

And why, anyway, should losses be subsidised out of the men's wages? What are profits for.

* * *

Employers who do this sort of thing are wily enough to do it to only a few at a time.

At the same time they expect employees to hold themselves in readiness for new work when it comes along.

How many are there of these "unofficial workless" in the country? It is impossible to say. They never appear in any official records.

Navy Has A Grouse

There's a lot of heartburning on the lower deck. The Navy is expanding rapidly, but far too few qualified ratings are being selected for promotion to the ward room.

In the past four years forty-four engine-room artificers have passed the professional and educational tests, but only thirteen have been promoted. No fewer than seventeen of them are now over-age for entry as sub-lieutenant, and it looks as if the remaining fourteen will soon be, too.

Passed Over

Their grouse, a very real one, is that after struggling to qualify they see officers being brought in from the Reserve—fifty such are to be entered before April.

Some of these new men will be allocated to the Accountant branch of the Service, which is hard lines on the men there who have worked for promotion.

Twelve writer petty officers have passed for officer's rank, but unless something is done soon their chances of rising are slender.

No work under the "stand-off" system: no pay—and no Dole!

Carnage In Addis

Slowly the dreadful details of slaughter of thousands of innocent Abyssinians after the bomb attack on two Italian generals is leaking out to the world.

Pro-Fascist papers either ignored or toned down the story. Even they have now to admit that Italian soldiers were allowed to run wild "to teach the would-be rebels a lesson."

In other days there would have been an international outcry, but now everyone is too busy arming.

Sabotage Enquiry

Officers from the Special Branch of Scotland Yard have been on duty in Birmingham, Coventry and Sheffield following allegations of sabotage on Government work. They are acting in co-operation with Secret Service agents employed in factories.

Evidence has been secured that there is a deliberate plot to cause interruption of the even flow of parts for plane engines and munitions.

Birmingham

Birmingham is suspected to be the headquarters of the saboteurs, but thousands of loyal workers want the allegations to be cleared up at once.

They feel that every accident in an arms factory which may be due to easily explained causes might be seized on by the scaremongers in Parliament.

Union officials explain that where there is more work there are bound to be more accidents, and they will demand protection for workmen from the panic talk of sabotage.

It's up to the Yard men and the Secret Service to clear up the mystery immediately.

Anti-Crime Move

A new document of instructions has been issued to detective officers in the Metropolitan Police.

It has been prepared by the Criminal Record Office at New Scotland Yard, and bears the title "Catching Thieves on Paper."

Object of the booklet is to secure quicker contact between local detective divisions and the C.R.O., particularly in connection with suburban burglaries and cases of house-breaking.

It is claimed by the Record Office that if the methods of a thief are communicated, in most instances the offender can be quickly identified by reference to the files.

Scrap Over Scrap!

If some arrangement is not reached soon over prices and supplies of scrap iron and steel the Cabinet will impose its own scheme.

Plans are still being worked out to be run by the trade itself. This is forced on them by fierce competition for supplies.

Scrap is not being hoarded, nor is much being exported.

Search Your Cellars

Dealers tell JOHN BULL that even if the ridiculous price of £20 a ton were offered there would not be enough.

When that remark was challenged the reply was: "Then why were the steel duties cut so drastically?"

So look out your scrap, and turn it into silver.

Grand Swindler

Attention a moment for a swindler who craved to be grand—at someone else's expense.

James Henry Thorburn, whose activities we have mentioned before, sponged on a friend to the tune of £10,000 lived in style, went to church and acted the hypocrite, entertained in the West End and drove in a fine car.

But it all had to end, as all fraud does. James Henry tried to walk into the sea. Now he has walked into jail for three years.

Friends whom he had deceived paid for his defence.

Yard Among Dogs

A special squad organised at the Yard, under the direct control of Chief Constable Horwell, is making extensive enquiries in districts where dog-racing is most popular.

Large sums of money are alleged to have been paid out by bookmakers as bribes.

Unorthodox methods are being used in the search for evidence, some of them recalling the exploits of detective novels. But the Yard chiefs are satisfied that these methods are bringing results.

Crook Saved By Law

A recent visitor to London was the Director of Prosecutions for Zurich, Switzerland.

He travelled to England to consult the authorities about the activities of a firm of so-called "merchant bankers."

The allegation is that many people in Switzerland have been swindled by this British company, and the official from Zurich was investigating the possibility of taking extradition proceedings against the principal, a man who has been frequently exposed in JOHN BULL.

Loophole

When the matter was thoroughly sifted it was found that extradition could not be obtained.

The alleged offences charged against the firm would, in this country, be the subject of civil action in the Law Courts.

So the Zurich prosecutor returned a disappointed man.

Labour's Wise Move

Not long ago we suggested to the Labour Party that if it wanted to capture the imagination of the electors at any election, it must have a short programme of immediate plans.

Now the short-term plan is out. If Labour wins the next battle there is enough in its aims to keep the best Cabinet busy for the full term of Parliament.

A Nasty Camp

A camping-ground where people are alleged to have used sleeping quarters in relays has been banned near Saltcoats, Ayrshire.

Well-behaved campers have to suffer for the outrageous actions of those who paraded streets late at night singing and swearing.

But at this place by the sea there was no proper supervision, no separation of sexes, and no privacy.

Hard On Pigeons

Racing-pigeon fanciers on Sheffield Corporation housing estates will be forced to sell their lofts as a result of municipal ban.

Years ago two pigeon fanciers' associations were allowed to keep birds, but clearance schemes brought others to estates who were not in associations.

They are alleged to have broken the pact. Now everyone suffers.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Don't be gulled by all the nice promises made about plans to reorganise and cheapen electricity distribution.

But look after your municipally owned electricity supplies. Reform is years overdue, and cheaper electricity is not just round the corner.

* * *

JOHN BULL extends sympathy to trusting Tory M.P.s who have been had by the Cabinet over the dismal little plan to deal with the mountains of depression in once-prosperous areas.

All the tricks of the political trade are being used to stifle back-bench Tory criticism.

More trouble for Ernest Brown, we hope.

* * *

Petty pilfering from chain-store counters will have to be tackled following the clash between magistrates and shop owners.

Magistrates say counters should be so built that stealing is difficult. So do we.

Another storm is about to break over the Cabinet's head over the cost, in millions, of anti-air- raid precautions.

Leading cities are demanding that the Government shall pay for the lot.

* * *

When a Newcastle-on-Tyne magistrate fined Captain B. R. Fry £25 for overloading a motor-ship by twenty-one tons, he said that, owing to loss of life at sea through overloading, the law might soon be altered to punish offenders with imprisonment instead of fines.

* * *

Lord Chief Justice Hewart at Lewes Assizes criticised severely police methods in carrying out an identification parade.

More raps over the knuckles like this will stop abuses.

* * *

Gravesend magistrates went on strike; refused to hear cases in a room used also as a bar for dances and dinners. So all cases were adjourned for two days.

Pity justice should be held up for lack of a proper room!

Not so nice hockey—it's a man's game certainly, as this picture shows, but rough play on the ice leads inevitably to pandemonium among spectators

A typical mix-up in a thrilling game

A Great GAME Gone Wrong

ICE-HOCKEY, fastest game in the world, is becoming the foulest game in Britain. Dirty play, poor refereeing, weak rules, financial rackets—all these are bringing discredit upon the sport which in a few years has achieved widespread popularity.

All in the last fortnight, the Streatham team has defied the referee by walking off the ice at Brighton, the Wembley Lions and Earl's Court Royals players have indulged in a free fight at Wembley, and the Harringay Rink has seen even worse.

That uproar at Harringay during the World Championship finals was bound to happen. It may even prove to have served a useful purpose, though it was provoked by just some of the many abuses which call for scathing criticism.

You may think the behaviour of the crowds also demands censure. It does.

Players and officials were pelted with oranges, paper, apples and rubbish. The ice became littered with missiles, some of which the referees hurled back. One referee, chased by angry spectators, took refuge in a restaurant around which a guard was placed.

Fifty sailors had to save the Canadian team from manhandling. But for the band's playing of the National Anthem there would have been a serious riot. No wonder foreign newspapers are gibing at British "sportsmanship"!

Yes, but only an audience of angels would have preserved even tempers.

Throughout the championship series the standard of refereeing was disgracefully low. Some of the referees were hardly able to skate. Some made no attempt to keep up with the game. Some showed complete ignorance of the rules.

Fouls were allowed to go unpunished. Goals were allowed in preposterous circumstances. Players got out of hand and were not restrained.

Chief blame for all this must go to the International Federation, which appoints the referees and makes the rules. It turned down, months ago, the proposal that professional English referees should take charge of the games.

It held that this great international contest of "amateurs" should be refereed by amateurs—which would have been all right if the latter had known the game and been accustomed to fast play, and if all the teams had really been amateurs.

And quite a large slice of the blame should be handed to the English ruling body, the British Ice Hockey Association. "We cannot control the crowds," its spokesmen plead, but if they had resisted the international dictators' folly the trouble would never have arisen.

The plain truth is that the Association itself needs drastic reform. As Mr. A. J. Elvin, Wembley's managing director, declares: "The game has advanced out of all recognition in the past few years, but the Association has not advanced with it."

It is dominated by "old school tie" gentlemen who resent commercial ice-hockey and want to run the game on the same lines as when it was a slow, genteel diversion of the Victorians. This is the attitude, in fact, which has led to the foul play and the "shamateurism" so much in evidence to-day.

Our ice-hockey players are not paid weekly wages, for that would make them professionals. Instead, they receive weekly "expenses," which enables the Association to bluff itself that they are amateurs and think it is bluffing the public.

Rink managers have agreed that £10 a week should be the maximum "allowance" to any player. This too works out rather differently in practice. The maximum has become the minimum, and the star player has no difficulty in swelling his "expenses bill" to a point that is at once the envy and despair of the professional football star.

An objectionable and idiotic dodge? Yes, and its worst feature is that as the players are technically amateurs, the clubs cannot exercise any real measure of control over them.

So dirty play goes unchecked. If a player sulks and walks off the ice, the management must humour him instead of threatening him with suspension. All that the officials can say, in effect, is "Will you please go back, dear sir, and play nicely?"

Only if you realise this dangerous absurdity will you understand why pandemonium so often reigns over the rinks. Thus at Richmond, a couple of months ago, a Wembley team, taking part in a "friendly" match, skated off the ice in protest against a decision of the referee.

Ordered to return, only two players went back—and the crowd naturally displayed its indignation.

The same absence of discipline accounts for the amazing scenes at other rinks, where spectators have hurled programmes, hats and even soda-water siphons into the arena to demonstrate their anger against players who deliberately lash out at each other with their sticks.

There have even been instances where players have threatened the referee and yet escaped disciplinary action.

The official view is that such scenes are grossly exaggerated, that players are too much in awe of so august a body as the B.I.H.A. to risk its displeasure. Well, if you are an ice-hockey "fan" yourself, you know just how much this view is worth.

You will know that though the Association has the power to withdraw a player's licence it never does so. Even when a visiting Canadian team started a free fight, one of its members throwing down his stick so violently that it broke into pieces and the manager wrestled with the referee, no official rebuke of any sort was forthcoming.

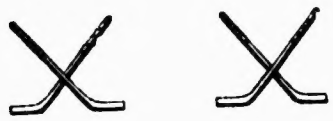
That, as we say, was a visiting team of Canadians. But, of course, most of our home teams are largely composed of Canadians. Until the advent of artificial ice rinks, opportunities for practice were too few and far between for English skaters to achieve the speed and skill which ice-hockey fans demand.

This importation of Canadians to make up supposedly "home" teams emphasises the shallowness of the efforts to convince us that the game is still strictly amateur in nature.

We are asked to believe that these players, many of them working men, spend at least six months of the year here for the benefit of their health—without any reward for their services.

Small wonder that Continental sides, lured to Britain to compete in a world tournament series that was supposedly amateur, have objected to the system of recruiting an "English" team from players whose only English connection was an alleged emigration from this country to Canada at a very early age.

The Association can hardly fail to realise that there is general dissatisfaction with its control of the game.



There is the complaint, for instance, that the team which represented Britain for the World and European championships at Harringay was not nominated until the last moment. Instead of receiving at least a month's notice, it found itself with no time for practice.

What a prospect for the hundreds of English lads, now training in junior leagues, who have aspirations of eventually supporting a really all-British team which will beat the world!

If such aims are to be realised, if the rink managers' claim that "in five years ice-hockey will rank with Soccer" is to be fulfilled, then the game must be purged of its abuses and weaknesses.

The Association must remove its blinkers.

It must stop for good and all the sulking and wrangling on the ice which too often goad to fury the patrons who pay their money in the expectation of seeing a clean, keen game—and who ought to get it.

It must end the "shamateurism" which is prostituting the sport, refuse to bow to international rulings which produced the incompetent muddling at Harringay, and promote a system best suited to modern conditions.

In short, ice-hockey must be cleaned up!

Exclusive Informations Directed by Sir Wyndham Childs

Trading *in* Public Safety

A NUMBER of new private companies have lately come into existence ostensibly to protect you and your home from gas attack during enemy air-raids in the next war.

The birth of companies like these has been an inevitable consequence of the haphazard manner in which the Government has set about the task of protecting the public from air dangers in war time.

Some of the new private companies undertake to make a house gasproof with shields, screens or other devices for as little as £10. Not a few of them are already doing excellent business. In a few weeks one has increased its capital by ten times.

A JOHN BULL representative visited the showrooms of another of the companies and was told that for even less than £10 his home could be as effectively proofed against the most poisonous gases as a house depicted in a photograph which the salesman produced.

This was a picture of a family seated in a drawing-room playing bridge during an air-raid. Gas masks were shown dangling from the table, and special shutters at the windows and other apertures, it was suggested, were completely protecting the card-players from the gas being sprayed from the sky outside.

The activities of companies like these are, of course, legal and honest—as the law stands. It is none the less absurd, however, that the opportunity should ever have been given to them to start operations.

There can be no doubt that all the enterprises of the kind so far registered are genuine in their intentions—that their promoters have complete faith in the efficiency of the apparatus they are putting on the market.

But the door is wide open for all kinds of spurious concerns to enter this type of grim business and delude the public into a false sense of safety.

It would be best if the Government adopted its own effective measures to give the public protection against air-raid perils.

If it cannot do so, it must at least make it unlawful for any firm to sell contrivances which are not guaranteed by the Air-Raid Precautions Department of the Home Office to be genuine and entirely safe.

Ambulance workers trained in gas protection give their services voluntarily to householders

Monk's Load Of Mischief

THERE have been a number of newspaper references lately to the Rev. Norman Dobson. He has come into the news because he is said to have returned to the church after fifteen years of constant solitary confinement in a monk's cell in Sussex.

Wherever he has been recently—Blackpool, Bradford, Burnley and Nottingham, among other places—the story of his fifteen years' completely unbroken seclusion has been told on the platform and in the pulpit and the Press.

To vicars, curates and Salvation Army leaders, the Rev. Dobson has been offering his services to deliver sermons and lectures, and a number of clergymen and prominent churchworkers reposed so much confidence in him that they have loaned him money to meet emergencies in his personal affairs.

There seems to be little likelihood that they will ever get their money back or even receive another visit from the reverend gentleman.

In the last few days the ex-monk has been defrauding people in the Camberwell district of London. He has even left the house he occupied there without paying the landlady for his food and lodging.

* * *

The Rev. Mr. Dobson is only masquerading as a priest. He has never had any religious associations.

During the time he was supposed to be undergoing his spiritual ordeal in a monastery cell, he was actually occupying a prison cell, serving a six months' sentence for false pretences.

SUPERFLUOUS LEAGUE OF PEACE

MANY enquiries have reached "John Bull" regarding an organisation named the British World Peace League, with supposed headquarters at Aintree, Liverpool.

It has been promoted by an individual who styles himself Captain Rodney Latham, and who has given himself the rank of Commander-in-Chief.

The League is conducted from a private house, and our investigation suggests that the public would be well advised not to give it any financial or other support.

FARM PRODUCE FRAUDS

PATHETIC stories of hardship have been reaching JOHN BULL from people with small businesses in country places.

They have been receiving letters from what appear to be firms of high standing in the London and provincial provision markets offering them remarkably good prices for quick and large supplies of poultry, eggs, game, rabbits and other produce.

In many cases the country people have not only diverted their produce from their usual customers to these firms offering better terms, but have bought all available supplies on credit from their neighbours to augment their deliveries.

Week after week they have been sending all the supplies procurable to the firms whose stationery and letters seemed so impressive—adorned with fictitious bankers' references, branch depots, telegraph and cable addresses and so on.

Payment is never made. Usually there is complete silence when accounts are rendered. In some instances the firms who received the goods have pleaded technical reasons for the delay in settlement and others boldly declare that the "produce arrived in a condition which made it unsaleable in the wholesale market."

All this, of course, is just part of the fraud and is preliminary to the firms quitting the premises they have temporarily occupied.

Farmers and other producers should either disregard buying offers from firms who are unknown to them or, before sending supplies, test the genuineness of the offers by communicating with the authorities of the markets from which they emanate.

SWEATED CHILD DANCERS

FROM many parts of Britain reports are reaching JOHN BULL of a scandal which merits the serious attention of the Home Office.

It concerns the exploitation of children who are being employed for long hours and at the lowest possible wages as dancing instructors.

The output of trained children from the dancing schools and academies in this country has lately far surpassed anything of the kind ever known.

As soon as the children are certified to have completed their training as ballet dancers and able to do point dancing, tap dancing and the "splits," they are seized upon and employed as instructors to classes of twenty to thirty other children.

They are frequently paid only sixpence a lesson, and the persons exploiting them—hundreds of dance school promoters have lately come into the business—are earning almost incredible profits by employing teams of children for many hours at a time.

Apart from the sweated labour aspect of this kind of tuition, the young "instructors" are retarding their own progress and at the same time endangering the physical well-being of the other children entrusted to them as pupils. Swollen joints and spinal trouble are a common consequence of inexpert dancing instruction.

A number of cases have already been made known to us of employers immediately discarding these juvenile instructors as soon as they break down under strain.

We believe that both the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing and the Royal Academy of Dancing will support our plea for legislation to protect children against this evil. Neither of these organisations recognises a dancing instructor as qualified until after the age of twenty.

Explosion Tragedy To Probe

PERHAPS the most mysterious tragedy of recent years in connection with research work has occurred in a swamp a few miles from Newbury, in Berkshire, where an eighteen-year-old youth named Richard Cooper, of Oxford, has been killed in an explosion.

Of course, an inquest has been held and material facts already brought to light. But JOHN BULL is aware of certain circumstances surrounding the death of Cooper which ought to be the subject of much higher and wider enquiry than has so far taken place.

Young Cooper was a laboratory assistant at Oxford University, where he was being trained as a glass-blower.

On the day of the tragedy he was taken by a Mr. C. G. McGhee, a young man from Texas, who is studying at the University, a distance of twenty-two miles to the Newbury district.

For some months in that area McGhee has been firing ten gelignite charges daily in shafts sunk to a depth of twelve feet and filled with water.

The lad Cooper was taken from his work in the laboratories to fire the charges. While he did so, McGhee kept observation on scientific instruments in a van 1,000 feet away.

At the time he met his death, Cooper had been instructed to place three times the normal amount of gelignite in one of the shafts, but before he could do so the gelignite exploded in his hands and he was killed instantaneously.

Richard Cooper

It has been supposed, although there is no real evidence of the fact, that the switch of the electrical apparatus had been left in the firing position after the previous shot, so that an explosion was inevitable when the lad made the contact.

The wires of the electrical instruments in use had not even been disconnected after the previous discharge, but these things appear to have been no one's responsibility.

The public investigation of the affair that has taken place so far has failed to reveal any satisfactory reason why a youth of eighteen should have been given this dangerous work, why there was no supervision of him at all while he was performing it, and why and on whose instructions he was ever required to do it.

The University authorities, as an act of grace, have, we learn, paid £100 to Cooper's parents, who are people in humble circumstances. The matter, however, should not be closed with that gift.

Immediately after Cooper was killed, a Member of Parliament visited the Home Office and was given the extraordinary information that it was not proposed to hold an official enquiry under the Explosives Act.

And at the coroner's investigation no expert evidence of any kind was given. Quite as remarkable was the fact that the Home Office was not even represented at the inquest.

It must be accepted that the tragedy was caused by human error, but the need for deeper probing of its circumstances is manifest.

Count Potocki of Montalk—think twice before answering his appeals for money

Queer Count In Crimson

THIS is to introduce Count Geoffrey Wladislas, Valle Potocki de Montalk, the new Pretender to the throne of Poland.

The streets of London and other cities have for some time past been brightened by the imposing appearance of the Count Potocki of Montalk, a young man of thirty-four, who garbs himself in sixteenth-century Polish royal robes of brilliant crimson.

Wooden sandals adorn his feet, while his long fair hair, falling below his shoulders, flows more or less gracefully in the breeze.

This young Count of the crimson robes and superior manner is now engaged in the twofold mission of "reviving the worship of Apollo" and "re-establishing the Polish monarchy."

The Count, who spends hours of his leisure in the British Museum tracing his ancestral tree to its roots, claims to be the great-grandson of Count Joseph Potocki, the heroic leader of the Polish insurrection of 1830, and the direct descendant of Copernicus, the first of the world's great astronomers!

As if this were not enough, he also claims cousinship with the Count of Paris and the Archduke Otto of Habsburg.

Armorial bearings and coronets are enblazoned on the furniture of a house in Bloomsbury occupied by the Count.

It is announced that the Count will leave Britain shortly for Poland, where he proposes to ask for the hand of Wanda Pilsudski, the beautiful daughter of the late Polish Dictator.

With her support, he says, he intends to launch a monarchist campaign, and as a secondary consideration to try to conquer Bohemia for Poland!

* * *

In the intervals of placing wreaths on the statue of King Charles in Whitehall, Count Potocki of Montalk devotes his time to publishing, writing and composing verses.

He is now appealing to the public for "money offered with good will."

As a side-line this young Royalist of the red robe is by way of being an astrologer and offers horoscopes to those who send him 5s.

So much for the various enterprises of this plausible young man who boasts as easily as he breathes. We give him this publicity so that our readers will think twice before sending him money for his horoscopes or propaganda. It should be known that he was sentenced at the Old Bailey in 1932 to six months' imprisonment for publishing an obscene libel.

Kidnappers Cast New Net

ARE you sure you could tell the difference between grades of colour—say, cream and ivory or light maroon and crimson?

If you cannot, and you also happen to be somewhat slow in arithmetic or hesitant in spelling, you are mentally deficient and should be locked up in a lunacy institution.

Anyhow, these are the kind of tests that are being applied to children all over the country just now with a view to filling vacant places in asylums for the young.

So many new institutions of the kind have been built in the last year or two that the supply of genuinely feeble-minded or mentally defective children is not sufficient to fully occupy the available accommodation.

So, once again, the authorities are reverting to the practice of compelling parents to surrender for years of detention in these places children whose only fault is that they are slightly backward in school work.

To many homes in the country have lately come official intimations that fathers and mothers must be prepared to hand over their little ones to the lunacy authorities.

A common example of this kind of persecution can be found in the case of nine-year-old Marjorie Willis, of Brook Street, Bury, Lancs.

* * *

When Marjorie was less than two years old she was badly scalded, and the injury and shock left their mark on her health. But, with careful nursing by her mother, the child became bright and sturdy, and when she went to school her sweet and gentle nature so won the affection of all her teachers that they gave her special care.

She is still somewhat slower than the other pupils in her class, but the teachers are confident that she will be completely normal before she reaches adolescence.

Nurses are not to blame in any way for these occurrences

In Marjorie Willis, however, the lunacy administrators see a potential recruit for a mental deficiency institution, and they have just ordered her to be removed to and detained in one of them for seven years. Her parents have been threatened with prosecution if they resist.

The Willis' family doctor declares that there is no reason for the child to be taken away as a captive, and her teachers say that if she is torn from her home she is bound to become worse. What Marjorie needs is love and sympathy.

There can be little hope that this child of charming disposition would receive behind the walls of an asylum the devoted care of her mother and present teachers.

The master card which the authorities play to prove that the little girl is certifiable as mentally deficient is that she has difficulty in telling one colour from another!

SCALDED BABIES SCANDAL

BY one post a few days ago there came to JOHN BULL four cases from different parts of the country of child patients in hospitals or other institutions being seriously scalded in their baths.

They occurred at Leeds, Liverpool, Sheffield and Paisley, and the one in the last-mentioned town was the most serious because the two-year-old baby concerned in it has died.

There is a remarkable similarity of circumstances in all the cases. In each of them a nurse had actually tested the heat of the water in which the infants were bathed, both by touch and thermometer.

In the Paisley case an effort has been made, following the tragedy, to suggest there was negligence or carelessness on the part of the nursing service of the hospital. This is clearly unjustified, and the statement of the nurse that the temperature of the water in which the baby was bathed was not higher than 95 degrees must be accepted without hesitation.

* * *

A bath of 100 degrees is very hot, and it is well known that no one should take a bath over 110 degrees.

But, as the lowest limit for distraction of the skin is about 140 degrees, it is obvious that a great mistake must have been made in the case of the Paisley baby boy, whose skin peeled as soon as he was taken from the water.

The fault does not lie with the nurses, but with the out-of-date type of thermometer which is frequently used in the children's hospitals in this country.

It is a bad instrument, and much superior patterns which are available would prevent suffering and death if only the Ministry of Health would give an order for their uniform use.

Two Posers for Mr. Brown

WAGE PACKET BLUNDER

IF ever a case of official stupidity and gross injustice was ready-made for the attention of Parliament, it is that of Mr. John Jamieson, of Harbuttle Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

After long unemployment, Jamieson was sent by the Ministry of Labour employment exchange in Middlesbrough to a job in Birmingham. As is usual, he was provided with a railway warrant by the Ministry, and told that the value of it would be recovered from his wages by arrangement with the firm to whose service he was proceeding.

On pay day, Jamieson had 15s. 8d. to receive, but his wage packet contained only 2s. 10d. The balance—12s. 10d.—had been deducted by his employers to refund his fare from Middlesbrough to the Ministry of Labour.

Jamieson, of course, had found living accommodation in Birmingham, but with 2s. 10d. he could not pay for his board and lodging.

The landlady informed the police, and Jamieson was arrested without a warrant. As he was charged only for a misdemeanour, it was an illegal arrest.

Before his case could be dealt with at the police court, Jamieson was eight days in prison custody.

When the magistrates learned the truth of the extraordinary circumstances of the prosecution, they dismissed without hesitation the charge of having obtained food and lodging by false pretences, and Jamieson left the dock without a stain on his hitherto spotless character.

This grave matter cannot be allowed to rest with Jamieson's acquittal. The Minister of Labour, clearly, must be invited to defend, if he can, the monstrous system by which it was possible to deduct eleventh-twelfths of this man's first week's wages at one swoop.

And the Home Secretary will have to tell Parliament if he proposes to compensate Jamieson for the wrongful arrest.

Stranded Worker's Ordeal

ANOTHER scandal of the system by which the Ministry of Labour plays fast and loose with the interests of unemployed persons is provided by the experience of Mr. E. Heron, of Percy Street, Tynemouth, Northumberland.

Heron saw a newspaper advertisement of a vacant situation, and received in reply to his application a letter from an address in London which he presumed to be that of a firm requiring a workman.

The letter told him to come to London with the least possible delay, "when we shall be able to fix you up in the position you are requiring immediately on your arrival."

The man took this document to the Ministry of Labour employment exchange at North Shields and was provided with a travelling warrant to proceed to London.

It is clear from what followed that the Ministry's officials could not have made the slightest investigation regarding the nature of the work to which Heron was supposed to be going or the conditions under which he would have to obtain it.

Heron was astonished on arriving in London to find that the address to which he had been sent was only that of a private employment agency. And he was astounded when he was told at its offices that a job as a public-house cellarman could be found for him at a weekly wage of 30s., plus board, *on condition that he handed over the whole of his first week's wages to the agency.*

A man in his position, destitute after unemployment, could do nothing of the kind. He had left his family behind in Tynemouth and they had to be provided for.

Rather than lose the opportunity of work, Heron made a desperate offer to pay the big fee demanded by weekly instalments of 5s., but he was told that if he did not pay in full and at once he could not get the situation and his 300-miles journey would be in vain.

So, penniless and in despair, Heron was stranded in the streets of London. He was rescued and succoured by the S.O.S. Society, and, later, money was provided by the St. Martin's Relief Committee to pay his fare back to his home and family.

It is intolerable that the Ministry of Labour should allow helpless men to be trapped in circumstances like these.

. . talking of arpeggio and aria

Yes, but smoking Player's

Perhaps we're wrong with that headline — the topic may be thirst; one thing, however, is pretty sure—the Cigarettes are Player's. Whatever the talk, whatever the walk of life, Player's are consistently chosen for the greater pleasure they give. The reason lies clear in the Player maxim "It's the Tobacco that Counts."

now here's a most enjoyable "movement". help yourself . . .

Player's Please

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES — PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED 10—6d. 20—11¼d.

PLAYER'S MILD NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are not so well known as the popular Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes, but if your taste is for a mild and very smooth smoke, ask for Player's "MILD." An old established brand, the prices are the same as for "Medium" 10-6d, 20-11¼d.

N.C.C.-379A

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

PRIMATE'S *Greatest* CHANCE

Lead Nation Away From War and Poverty

Coroner Unfair To Parents

Finish The Job, Morrison!

YOUR GRACE,—You are a very brave Primate to confess before a representative gathering of M.P.s that you admit the failures of the Church.

This confession you made in trying to impress on them the need for co-operating in the recall to religion.

You admitted, too, that the offices of the Church are often performed in a cold, dull, sterile way. And you say that some clergymen are responsible for this.

Really, that is not what the millions complain of when they explain why they do not go to church.

* * *

Of course, I know that you do not only want them to go to church.

You want them to be actively religious. But the official religion does not appeal to the plain man.

He has felt for many years that inside organised religion there was no solution for the world-wide problems of poverty, hunger, and war.

When the Church convinces the plain man that it can lead him by its teaching and practice to a solution of these problems, then there will not be sufficient churches to hold the worshippers at the shrine of the new faith, because it will have been proved by its works.

* * *

No use blaming the plain man for not believing. He believes. Never before was there so much faith, but it belongs to individual experience.

Millions know that the present world position must be put right before they will join in any recall to religion.

"Give us this day our daily bread" is their cry in a hundred languages. "Give us a thousand millions more for arms," reply the statesmen of all countries.

You must see that no appeal for unity, no recall to religion will stir the imagination of the plain man while he is faced in a thousand ways with the fear that all he holds dear will be blown to atoms in the upheaval for which the whole world is preparing.

* * *

What the plain man asks from the Church is leadership towards the promised land of peace and plenty which has been talked about for centuries.

The plain man is more religious than for two thousand years, though he does not go to church.

Now, what can you do to recall him to that which he already knows?

He is waiting to be led. Will you forget that you are head of a great institution and lead him in a crusade to end poverty, hunger, and fear of war?

If you do it will be the greatest recall to religion the world has known.—John Bull.

Archbishop of Canterbury is in the wilderness while the nation waits for a lead

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, L.C.C.
(Who Gets Things Done)

Dear Mr. Morrison,—Democrats the world over are proud of your victory against the stiffest opposition that could be mustered.

You get things done. On that claim you have been re-elected after what was really a general election for control of the Empire's capital.

Let your next three years in control of London County Council be a lesson to Dictator-ridden and reactionary lands.

Go in and finish the job.—John Bull.

Alderman F. CALLARD,
Torquay Town Council

Dear Sir,—Under the influence of a strong attack of economania you doubted the sanity of the Education Committee in proposing swimming baths for school children in a seaside town.

Your opposition frightened others. The proposal was rejected.

Don't you know that children can't swim in the sea all the year round, and that proposals similar to the one killed by you were carried out years ago in some of England's leading seaside resorts?

Not only did you kill the baths plan, but you also frightened your colleagues off a scheme for a £4,000 gymnasium.

But a proposal that in future meetings should open with prayer was adopted. Why not ask the children to join you in praying that they might get their swimming bath?—John Bull.

Dr. L. F. BECCLE,
South-West Essex Coroner

Dear Sir,—In holding an inquest on a boy of fourteen who drowned himself in the river Lea, you said to the father:—

"You seem to have done everything for him you possibly could."

When the father naturally said "Yes, sir," you made the unkind rejoinder—"except understand him." Because of my interest in youth and in justice to the parents I had special enquiries made and find that the boy was reaching the end of a year's probation.

This fact was concealed from you by the father to shield a boy whom you said he did not seem to understand.

I have also learned that the boy was exceptionally good at housework, but he had difficulty in holding jobs that would have been easy to other youths without his qualities.

With your knowledge as a doctor, barrister and psychologist you seemed to have regarded this unusual boy as a psychological problem rather than as a human problem.

You said the parents did all they could, yet you declared that they did not understand him.

I doubt whether a psychologist would have understood him, for he was of a curious mixture that defeated those who loved him, and defeated himself.

Coroners can do with all the learning they can acquire. They can also show a little of that human sympathy that makes life easier for those who are left behind to bear the harsh and often ill-informed opinion of the world that your words will have fed. —John Bull.

Councillor M. E. JONES,
Hirwaun

Dear Mrs. Jones,—I applaud your plea for humane consideration where residents of homes run away. The particular girl for whom you pleaded was sent to jail for a month.

You are right in declaring that by jailing these young people they are being pushed further in the mire.

I am glad that your appeal was so successful that Glamorgan Public Assistance Committee has instructed its chief officer to report on escapes from homes and to suggest more humane methods of treatment.—John Bull.

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P.,
Under-Secretary Home Office

Dear Mr. Lloyd,—When your attention was drawn to appalling sentences passed on youths for offences such as playing football in the streets, you promised to make thorough investigation and make a statement to the House of Commons.

Mr. J. Maxton, M.P., quoted a case in his own division where a boy of seven-and-a-half was sent to an approved school for five years.

I trust your enquiry will lead to this cruel system being swept away.—John Bull.

Mr. GUY ROWSON, M.P.,
Holidays-with-Pay Champion

Dear Mr. Rowson,—When timid Tories, despite appeals by members of their own Party, strangled your Bill for compulsory annual holidays with pay, you did right in refusing to have anything further to do with the measure.

Mr. Baldwin has promised an enquiry. Then there will be another chance to prove the sincerity of those who claim they are with your plan—if only industry could afford it.

Keep up your fight. Victory can't be very far away.—John Bull.

Sir HOLMAN GREGORY, K.C.,
Old Bailey

Dear Sir,—For the first time in the history of your court a probation order concerning a youth was rescinded on the ground that he had made good.

It was held that the order might be a handicap, and you very generously wished the young man good luck.

This treatment will inspire other youths in a similar position, and they will be grateful to you for your decision. —John Bull.

A Gland View of the Future

by a Very Special Investigator

GETTING into my time-machine—a gadget indispensable to all Very Special Investigators — I popped twenty years into the future.

It was like this. I had been reading how a scientist had claimed that by glandular injections he could turn a Third Division football team into a First Division one.

Clearly this was one of those cases which only the future can decide. So I mounted the old time-machine, turned the dial to 1957, and—whisk!—alighted unobtrusively behind a soap-box in Hyde Park.

Would you believe it, the scientist had been so successful that there were no Third Division teams left at all, and the only way to accommodate all the First Division teams had been to turn every park in England into a football stadium!

One of the matches of the season was actually in progress. And what a match! There were seventy players on each side, the field was a mile long and half a mile wide.

The referee was using (it had already become a custom) a motor-cycle, and instead of a whistle had a wireless gadget which enabled him to operate a factory hooter set up in the middle of the field.

Every time a foul was committed this factory hooter howled. The noise was deafening—and continuous.

There were pedestrian tracks across the pitch for the use of members of the public who were not watching the match, but merely wished to walk in the park.

These tracks were controlled by traffic lights, and often one saw a couple of

players standing facing each other menacingly across a pedestrian track while they waited for the red light to change to green.

The game was particularly complicated on the day of my visit by a thick fog.

A system of hoots indicated in what part of the gigantic field the ball was at any given moment, and in various places groups of players had built camp fires and were roasting potatoes round them while they waited for the ball to arrive.

Excitement was intense. Far in the distance once I heard the cry: "Shoot!" Then followed an agonising cry, and ten minutes later a couple of stretcher-bearers filed past carrying the prostrate body of a muffin-man!

Apparently a practice meeting of Ye Olde Englishe Archers had been taking place on one of the pedestrian crossings, and a member had misinterpreted a football enthusiast's cry.

He shot an arrow into the air, thinking it would fall he knew not where.

Alas! it fell like a bolt from the blue on the muffin-man, who was standing on another pedestrian crossing, discussing the weather. I have forgotten to mention that all the football players whom I saw had long beards—it was usual to see a man with his feet tangled in his beard trying vainly to kick, and finally picking the ball up with his hands.

That was the cause of all the fouls.

Questioning them, I found that most of them were very old men who had been rejuvenated by gland injections. "But," one of them whispered to me, "sometimes the effect of the injection wears off."

At that moment I looked up and, coming towards me, was a man who a few moments before I had seen give the ball a kick that had sent it soaring hundreds of yards, falling—to judge by the noise—in the middle of a covey of performing seals that were being demonstrated to an admiring crowd on one of the pedestrian crossings.

But now he looked quite different. He had gone old.

"Jarge," he quavered falteringly to my companion, "have 'ee got a bit of Glando (Builds Bonny Footballers) on 'ee? Mine's wore off and I feel that weak."

It was pitiful to see the old man, bent nearly double with age, blinking his rheumy eyes, and with his gnarled hands trembling.

But Jarge had run out of Glando. "Never mind, then," quavered the old man, "I've shot me last goal."

And neither of us, faced by one of Science's tragedies, had the heart to tell him that, so far from shooting his last goal, he had merely stunned a performing seal.

It's a Gift!

Mrs. A. 'What a charming tea set! May I ask where you bought it?'
Mrs. B. 'As a matter of fact it was a gift.'
Mrs. A. 'Well, the person who chose it certainly had good taste.'
Mrs. B. 'Thanks for the compliment—*I chose it myself.* I hope you'll be as kind about the next gift I'm getting. It's an embroidered tea cloth. After that, I've got my eye on a leather handbag.'
Mrs. A. 'It sounds as if someone's being generous. Is all this since Jack got his promotion?'
Mrs. B. 'No, my dear. It's since we got Bournville Cocoa and started collecting the coupons. Just have a look at this free gift list.'
Mrs. A. (turning the pages) 'Electric irons—tea sets—cutlery—toys—aluminium kettles—stockings—undies—what a marvellous variety! I simply *must* get a copy of this book.'
Mrs. B. 'I should. I'll give you the address to write to before you go. You'll like Bournville Cocoa. We've never found a cocoa to equal it for richness and chocolaty flavour.'

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N.B.—Mrs. A is writing for her copy of the Bournville Cocoa Gift Book. Why not follow her example? You can have a copy (containing a Free Coupon to start your collection) by posting the form below.

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Fire over England

by A. G. Gardiner

This is the havoc pictured in the film "Things To Come," but this nightmare should pass—"if not through wisdom, then through fear"

CAMBRIDGE scientists who addressed a crowded audience of M.P.s at the House of Commons made havoc of one part of the scheme put forward by the Home Office for the defence of this country, and especially London, against air attack.

Every house with its own "gas-proof room," as suggested by the Air Raids Precautions Department, is not only a practical impossibility but a delusion and a snare.

It is an impossibility because in millions of overcrowded homes there is no room that could be set aside for what we may still hope is an emergency that will never arise.

It is a delusion and a snare because it would only offer the fate of being burned alive within the room as an alternative to being gassed outside.

Nor is the case for "gas-masks for all," when it is scientifically examined, much more reassuring.

Happily there is strong ground for thinking that the peril from gas is greatly exaggerated. In what Sir John Simon calls the "trinity of a devilish ingenuity"—high explosives, gas and incendiary bombs—gas is much the least to be feared

The idea that some new and terrible gas has been invented is dismissed as a "bogey" by Dr. Haden Guest, one of the Home Office medical instructors in connection with poison-gas attack precautions.

"No new gases are expected," he says, "and no new gases are known. Thousands of samples have been investigated. The gases that will be used if war comes will be those known in the 1914-18 war.

"People are more afraid of gas than they need be. The gases are six times less deadly than high explosives."

And high explosives are less to be feared than incendiary bombs. They are less to be feared because the defence experts have at least a policy for combating high explosives and gas; they have no effective reply to the possible devastation of incendiary bombs. It is the menace of Fire over London, over Birmingham, over Manchester, over any great city that may be the target of attack, which is the crux of the defence problem.

The magnitude of that menace cannot be estimated from our experience in the Great War. In the interval the "devilish ingenuity" of science has increased the peril out of all reckoning.

Between 1915 and 1918 the number of incendiary bombs dropped on London was only 354.

They were primitive and comparatively ineffective missiles, yet, as we know, they started scores of fires and did infinite damage. The purpose of attack then was to fire London and reduce the nation to a state of panic and surrender.

It failed for two reasons—first, because the Zeppelin proved too vulnerable for the job, and, second, because the type of fire bomb was inefficient. Fire-fighting resources of London proved just sufficient to combat the attacks.

But should we be involved in another war the menace of the incendiary bomb would be far more formidable.

The theory is that the attack would come in two great waves with a definite objective. First the heavy bombers would aim to envelop a given area—say, the docks and the East End—and with their high explosive shells choke the traffic to that area.

Then, the breach having been made, the lighter aircraft would pour in, scattering over the doomed district more fire bombs in one hour than were dropped on the whole of London in the whole of the last war. It is stated that one aeroplane alone can carry 1,000 bombs.

With the arteries to the area blocked by the shattering effects of the high explosives, the calculation is that so many fires would be started that the local resources would be overwhelmed and the conflagration would be complete.

But the real gravity of the menace is the diabolical efficiency of the modern thermite-magnesium bomb. Science has produced no more hideous monster than this. It blazes with a dreadful blue-green glare that blinds and dazzles.

Even concrete cannot resist its terrific heat, and water only makes the flames spread like white-hot quicksilver. Sand alone can check the lava stream.

It has been used in Madrid, where one raid burned out an area as big as Covent Garden.

"One of the incendiary bombs," writes an eye-witness, "dropped in the roadway not far from me, burning a hole several inches deep into the metalled road surface, while two cars near by were completely burned out after they had been splashed with minute spots of the flaming material thrown up by the explosion."

No doubt the fire-fighting power of London and the great cities has been strengthened since the last war. No doubt, too, the barrage against attack is vastly more formidable than then.

But the risk of a successful penetration of our air screen is, in view of the deadly character of the thermite bomb, so terrifying that only a new technique of defence can prevail.

Is there evidence of any such technique having been devised? So far as the schemes put forward by the Home Office on the advice of the Air Raids Precautions Department there is none.

Those schemes turn mainly on the enrolment of an auxiliary fire-fighting force of 200,000 men (20,000 in London alone) and the recruitment of 50,000 women as pickets—the latter a theatrical panic expedient as uncalled for as it is undesirable.

Street patrols on the scale of one unit for every two miles of streets in residential areas are to be available, with auxiliary fire stations and high-power appliances.

Instructions to factory teams and householders are issued, and the task of organising fire-fighting corps is thrown upon the local governing bodies in the provinces.

Even in these elementary precautions much is wanting if we may judge from the statement of the Mayor of Birmingham, who complained last week, in referring to Birmingham's vast air-raid precautions scheme, that he had had to write "in strong terms" in the endeavour "to get the Home Office to act."

Whether or not that complaint is general or justified, it remains true that there is nothing yet forthcoming from the Air Raids Precautions Department that suggests that a new technique of defence against the destruction of our cities by fire in the event of war has been conceived.

It is well that we should be secure against gas attack. But it is not gas that is the major peril.

That peril is fire. It would be small comfort to those wedged in the gas-proof room to know that the building above was in flames.

But the event should not arise. That civilised peoples all over Europe should be squandering their wealth and shuddering at the menace of mutual destruction by all the devilries of science is a nightmare that should pass and must pass if human life is ever to be tolerable on this planet again.

I believe that it will pass, if not through wisdom, then through fear. For the menace threatens all the human family alike, whether in Paris or London, Rome or Berlin. We are all equally vulnerable, all equally under the shadow of a common doom.

"Learn or perish" was Lord Grey's moral to the world from the last war. Must we perish, or can we draw away from the brink of the abyss into which we are all looking?

I think we can, and I think we shall. We certainly shall if we realise that, with the monster which science has created for us, war and civilisation can no longer co-exist.

The Human Machine

WHO is the most important person in the world? When you're tired of guessing, look in the nearest mirror. That's the answer!

The little girl who said: "Me's the most importantest thing," was speaking nothing but the truth.

Noel Coward, the famous playwright and actor, said the other day: "I am neither stupid nor scared, and my sense of my own importance to the world is relatively small. On the other hand, my sense of my own importance to myself is tremendous. I am all I have to work with, to suffer and enjoy. It is not the eyes of others I am wary of, but my own."

Right! Profoundly right! "Me's the most importantest thing" is a good motto for every one of us—as long as we know just what it means and understand what lies behind it.

Lots of people have known it and said it. Didn't Shakespeare say: "To thine own self be true, and it shall follow as the night the day thou canst not then be false to any man"?

"If we be honest with ourselves, we shall be honest with each other," said another writer. "The confidence which we have in ourselves gives birth to much of that which we have in others," said a second. "The future is a world limited by ourselves," wrote a third. "In it we discover only what concerns us and, sometimes by chance, what interests those whom we love most."

But behind it all there is the ideal of service—not selfishness. Unless we make ourselves happy and contented, we can't possibly make anyone else happy. Unless we stop fooling ourselves, we shall be unable to help fooling other people. If we don't cultivate reason and tolerance and optimism and hope in ourselves, we can't be of any use to any one else.

First things first. "Me's the most importantest thing." Let's get hold of that and live up to it in the true spirit. Then everything else will follow.

Try Now!

A FIREGUARD costs parents but a few shillings—little more than they would often spend on pleasure in a week or two. Yet there are thousands of homes without such wise protection for children.

Those were the thoughts of a young Blackpool father as his eye fell on the fireguard when tackling an *Example* for *Bullets*. Through The Furnace was the phrase he was working on; he pictured his little daughter sleeping upstairs, imagined how he would feel if for lack of a fireguard she should be lost to him—and swiftly he expressed the idea in a *Bullet*.

The result was a £250 cheque and Coronation Week in London for Mr. H. Aspin, 8, Melrose Avenue, Layton, Blackpool, all for that simple but vivid effort he made that night. Through The Furnace—Parents—Over Forgotten Fireguard.

Take up *Bullets* as a hobby this week and try your hand at this weaving of words into winners. There are 48 attractive *Examples* on page 46. And remember—for the best effort we receive by Saturday, March 20, the reward is a £1,500 Ideal Home. £3 Weekly for Life, £1,000 Cash and a Coronation Week in London for two.

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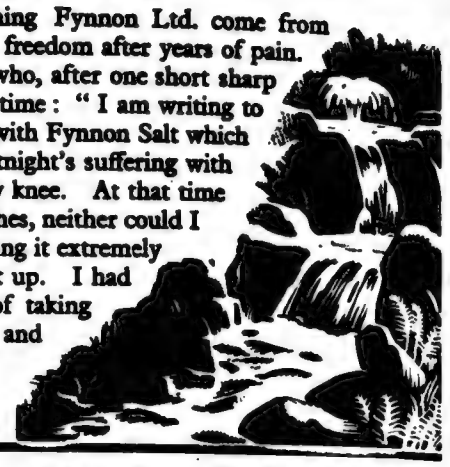
Rheumatic pains in hip and knee

Some of the letters now reaching Fynnon Ltd. come from rheumatic sufferers who have found freedom after years of pain. But here is one from a gentleman who, after one short sharp experience, put himself right in no time: "I am writing to you to thank you for supplying me with Fynnon Salt which cured me within a week, after a fortnight's suffering with Rheumatism in my hip and also my knee. At that time I could not raise my left foot six inches, neither could I raise my left leg over my knee, making it extremely difficult to go to bed and also to get up. I had terrible pains, but after a week of taking Fynnon Salt, I was nearly cured, and I now can walk alright."
—E. W. H., Victoria Road, Rhyl.
Letter can be seen at Fynnon Ltd. Office.



soon cured by daily glass of water

Mr. E. W. H. is one among thousands who have found healing in a daily glass of water with an added teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt. That teaspoonful does an amazing thing, it turns your own tap water into the equivalent of the saline waters that spring from the earth at some of the world's most famous spas. Fynnon Salt is nothing less than a combination of nature's own salts of the earth, sodium, potassium, lithium, etc. These minerals conquer uric acid in the human system; they dissolve the acid deposits and wash all the pain-making poisons away. Soon rheumatic swellings are reduced, stiff limbs are loosened and the whole body becomes free and active again.

plus Fynnon Salt

A teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt stirred into a glass of cold or warm water is a healing gift from the earth itself for such troubles as rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, and gout. Take it regularly every morning before breakfast; what forces of nature are in that daily glass! Nature's salts of the earth will not only free you from rheumatic pain and disfigurement but also give you a positive fitness. Fynnon Salt has a stimulating effect on the kidneys, refreshes the blood stream and acts as an inward 'rinse' on all clogging impurities in the system. Many rheumatic sufferers find relief before they have finished their first tin (1/3 from any chemist), but to guard yourself from future attacks and stay thoroughly fit it is best to make a glass of Fynnon Salt part of your daily routine on rising. FYNNON LIMITED, GREAT WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD.

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ON SALE WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28th

Sound WAVES *that* WORK Miracles

Planes not yet in sight can be "seen" by sound now and their exact position judged

SCIENTISTS are engaged now on sensational experiments. They are putting *sound* to work.

The new science is called "ultra-sonics," because the sounds or vibrations being used are those beyond the range of the human ear.

Something like a world race is going on between various countries to be first in the field with the many possible applications, medical, industrial and military, of ultra-sonics.

Much of the work is secret. In Russia for instance, ultra-sonics is considered so important that scientists have recently been forbidden to "publish"—that is, to describe—the results of their experiments in the technical journals.

Other "closed frontier" countries, too, like Germany and Italy, seem to be suppressing reports of laboratory work in this field.

Ultra-sonics was born out of the war, when a panel of British and French scientists were desperately trying to devise some means of detecting submarines.

In spite of booms, nets and aircraft spotters, U-boats were getting through the narrow waters to set about their murderous work.

Listening devices, like the hydrophone, which pick up the sound of the U-boat's engines, were not effective enough; for the commanders, knowing full well that they were being hunted, used to work their engines only at rare intervals.

Then a Professor Langevin and others, towards the end of 1917, invented a generator which would project a sound *beam* of very high frequencies through the water and a detector which would pick up the sound-wave if reflected back from an object hidden in the water.

When the "echo apparatus," as it was called, was working an observer at the coast station sat with earphones clamped to his head. As the "silent sound" beam swung about searching the water he heard a regular "peep-peep" note.

If the sound suddenly deepened and altered in tone, that meant that an "echo" was coming back. It meant that the roving sound beam had encountered a hidden object.

The rest was merely a matter of getting direction and distance and warning the submarine-catchers.

This instrument, which put sound to work for the first time, and was primarily designed for war purposes, has now found great uses in peace.

From being a means to entrap killers and destroy them in their turn, it has been adapted to saving lives.

Within a week or two of the first generator being installed reports reached Professor Langevin and his co-workers that *fish were being killed within the path of the ultra-sound beam.*

Not only fish. Samples of sea-water taken near the output of the generators showed that most of the small forms of sea life was also destroyed.

The microscope showed that *their bodies were shattered*, as if they had exploded or been shaken to pieces.

So sound could kill? But there was no time to pursue the matter further. There was a war on, and any further experiments in this unknown domain of ultra-sound had to be dropped.

But after the war they began with a rush. Two American scientists, Ward and Loomis, were first out with results—and very strange they were.

In their laboratory they made a small model of the quartz generator used for submarine detection arranged to send out a sound wave of a higher number of vibrations than any before—about 250,000 a second (remember, you cannot hear anything above 10,000).

And they sunk it at the bottom of a bath of heavy oil.

When the current was switched on, the surface of the oil rose in a great mound, *lifted by sound.*

Into this "sonic mound," as they called it, they stuck test tubes containing bacteria, blood corpuscles, small vegetable organisms.

All were killed, shattered.

A glass rod plunged into this mound made a burn in the hand of the man who held it. A painful burn which took a long time to heal. Friction was the cause, made by this silent vibration at a quarter-million times a second.

While these things have been happening in the laboratory, a queer story came last year from Germany.

Engineers working a giant loudspeaker, said to have a range of twenty miles, collapsed after a final test.

They had a queer blood complaint. Their red corpuscles had broken down. Two of the men died. There was some talk of ultra-sonic sounds fed into this loudspeaker during the last tests.

The speaker, or sound-projector, as it is called—has now been withdrawn. Supposedly, it has been said, because in the hands of commercial users it might add a new terror to civilised existence.

A whisper spoken into it is at the same intensity at the limit of its range as close to it.

And that whisper would penetrate everywhere. Bury your head in the bedclothes, go down a coal-mine—you could not evade that insistent whisper.

It all sounds much like that Kipling story about the whispering machine which led to the downfall of an army.

Some of the laboratory workers have said that this "silent sound" cannot be adapted for killing human beings.

Sent through the air, its power is worn out too quickly. It will kill "small organisms," they say, but not man. Well—we'll leave that side of the matter. What about the other applications?

A few months ago, before the Russian scientific journals shut down on the subject, there appeared in "Doklady," the official organ of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R., a report from the great agricultural laboratories at Kiev.

Workers there had been treating seeds with ultra-sound vibrations before planting. Seed potatoes and peas subjected for only a short exposure to silent sound vibrations of a certain frequency, showed a growth increase of over 30 per cent. more than normal.

Plants flowered earlier, were much hardier than untreated plants and the final crop was heavier. A few months ago they were trying the same treatment with wheat and other cereals.

Germany, another country which wants to be self-supporting, is also using ultra-sonics in agricultural research.

Quietly, some more applications of this new science have been made to the arts of peace and of industry.

An American firm has a small ultra-sonic apparatus which they are selling to dairy companies.

Instead of the fairly lengthy process of pasteurising the milk by heat, they send waves of this "silent sound" through vats of milk and it is purified in a few minutes. All germs are killed.

A British firm has devised an automatic depth recorder for ships, which is likely to beat the world for similar apparatus.

It sends an ultra-sound beam down to the sea-bed, and from the time taken for the reflected signal, to return the machine works out the depth.

The captain sees a continual record before him—on a kind of moving graph—of the contours and depth of the sea-bed over which he is travelling.

The idea is now being pursued that the shattering effects of the ultra-sound beam may also be a means of "defatting" such germs as the tubercle bacillus.

Doctors have long known that some germs can acquire an "overcoat" of fat or other protective substance against which most antiseptics are of no avail.

It is hoped that the shattering ultra-sound beam will "shake the overcoat off him."

Do you remember the story of Joshua's trumpets which blew down the walls of Jericho? That was sound. And in ultra-sound science seems to have found a trumpet even more shattering.

May it serve to blow down some more of the walls of sickness and famine and error which encompass all men in their sojourn on this earth.

But to-day, sound is mankind's newest hope—and newest terror. Which shall it be?

Just a Human Story

Would YOU *Call it* LUCK?

MR. PERCY THORPE, of 10, Raeburn Street, West Hartlepool, was thrilled.

There, right under his nose, was advertised just the sort of job he had been longing for throughout six heart-breaking years of unemployment.

A man with courtesy and good manners was wanted, and he congratulated himself that he had both of those. A man with upright carriage. Mr. Percy Thorpe prided himself that adversity had left him with his spirit uncrushed.

His military bearing was just the same as when he wore the uniform of the Green Howards at the age of nineteen, after the war broke out.

"That's the job *I* want. I'm off," said Mr Thorpe, laying aside his paper.

A wife and three children kissed him good-bye and wished him luck.

And his military gait was even more pronounced than ever as he strode sturdily and hopefully down the street.

Mr. Percy Thorpe let his imagination rove over the past.

You have plenty of time for thinking *when you are one of 1,500 people queued up and waiting to be interviewed by an employer.*

Exactly twenty-one years ago, when still in his teens, he had lain bleeding in the front-line trenches. Life, after that, became one operation after another.

Did ever a man have worse luck with his jobs than he? He was able to get them all right; good jobs; jobs so good that he did not worry when his little family grew.

The trouble was that they didn't last. He didn't fail to please. It was simply that the jobs died under his feet, so to speak.

The great slump came. Soon he had to be content with part-time employment.

The great depression settled on the land like a huge black cloud. Jobs didn't grow on mulberry bushes at Hartlepool.

Six years ago his last job failed him. It burst on him like a bombshell one day when . . .

But a tap on the shoulder brought him back to 1937. "You're next," said a voice.

* * *

"You're engaged!"

A heart thumped at those words. Here was good news to take home to Mrs. Percy Thorpe at last.

"Your hours will be long—2.30 p.m. until late at night."

The applicant wasn't worrying about that. "No matter, sir; no matter."

"And the wages we can give you are 25s. a week."

No need even for mental arithmetic. *It was less than he was receiving by way of public assistance relief!*

Some people might say his pride should have made him take it. Mr. Percy Thorpe has pride, all right.

Too much pride to drive his wife and three children to the point of starvation.

* * *

He walked to his house a little less springily than when he had left it.

Four people opened the door to him. "Any luck?" they chorused.

And what exactly could *you* have answered to that?

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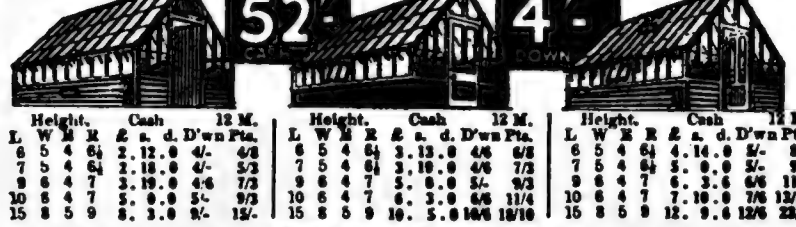

Height.				Cash		12 M.	
L	W	M	R	£ s. d.	D'wn	Pts.	
6	5	4	6½	2. 12. 0	4/-	4/8	
7	5	4	6½	2. 18. 0	4/-	5/3	
9	6	4	7	3. 19. 0	4/6	7/3	
10	6	4	7	5. 0. 0	5/-	9/3	
15	8	5	9	8. 3. 0	9/-	15/-	

Height.				Cash		12 M.	
L	W	M	R	£ s. d.	D'wn	Pts.	
6	5	4	6½	3. 13. 0	4/6	6/8	
7	5	4	6½	3. 19. 0	4/6	7/3	
9	6	4	7	5. 0. 0	5/-	9/3	
10	6	4	7	6. 3. 0	6/6	11/4	
15	8	5	9	10. 5. 0	10/6	18/10	

Height.				Cash		12 M.	
L	W	M	R	£ s. d.	D'wn	Pts.	
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7	5	4	6½	5. 0. 0	5/-	9/3	
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6	4	5	6	40/-	4/-	3/6	10/6
7	5	5	6½	55/-	5/-	4/10	12/6
8	5	5	6½	60/-	5/-	5/4	14/6
9	6	5	6½	70/-	6/-	6/2	22/6
12	8	5	7½	110/-	8/-	9/10	29/-
14	8	5	7½	125/-	9/-	11 3	45/-

L PTL LEAN-TO STORE. Height					12	Floor	
L	W	B	F	Cash	Dep.	Pts.	Extra
7	5	6½	5	60/-	5/-	5/4	12/6
9	6	7	6	77/6	6/-	6/11	22/6
10	6	7	6	92/6	7/-	8/3	28/6
12	6	7	6	120/-	8/-	10 10	32/6
15	6	7	6	150/-	10/-	13/7	41/6

L/PL LEAN-TO GARDEN SHED. Height					12	Floor	
L	W	P	B	Cash	Dep.	Pts.	Extra
4	3	5	4	25/-	2/-	2/3	6/-
4	4	6	5	30/-	3/-	2/8	7/-
5	4	6	5	35/-	3/6	3/-	9/-
6	4	6	5	40/-	4/-	3/6	10 6
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L/SSL WORKSHOP Height						12	Floor	
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7	5	5	6½	60/-	5/-	5/4	12 6	
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10	7	5	7	85/-	7/6	7 6	29/6	
12	8	6	8	125/-	8/6	11/3	39/-	
14	8	6	8	150/-	9/-	13/7	45/-	

AGL ASBESTOS GARAGE Height						12	Floor	
L	W	M	R	Cash	Dep.	Pts.	Ex.	
8	6	6	7½	97/6	6/6	8/10	17/6	
9	6	6	7½	102/6	7/6	9/2	22/6	
10	7	6	8	132/6	9/-	12/-	29/6	
12	8	6	8	157 6	10/-	14/3	39/-	
14	8	6	8	162/6	12/6	16/5	45/-	
16	8	6	8	207/6	15/-	18/7	52 6	

L/WGL MOTOR HOUSE Height						12	Floor	
L	W	M	R	Cash	Dep.	Pts.	Ex.	
8	6	6	7½	77/6	5/-	7/-	17/6	
9	6	6	7½	82/6	6/-	7/5	22/6	
10	7	6	8	112/6	7/-	10:2	29/6	
12	8	6	8	137 6	8/-	12/6	39/-	
14	8	6	8	162/6	10/-	14/9	45/-	
16	8	6	8	187.6	12 6	16/11	52/6	

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SEND a postcard (postage 1d.) to Dept. C.E 29, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., Cocoa Works, York, for our free copy of Gift Booklet. See p. 28.

FREE.—A Generous sample of Casco, the new glue—sets chemically like cement. Simply send a p.c. to Leicester, Lovell & Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.9), 14/18, Nile St., London N.1. See p. 45.

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What Duff-Cooper Doesn't Tell

By HANNEN SWAFFER

DUFF-COOPER may scream for recruits for the Army, and plead and yelp, and make speeches attacking bishops who say "War is wrong." He may do all this until he is blue in the face.

But he will not get soldiers until he faces up to the fact that, after the low physical standard created in the country by impoverishment and under-feeding, the greatest factor against recruiting is the heartless system under which disabled and discharged soldiers and airmen are being denied pensions.

In pre-war days, Army recruits came from the ranks of "the unemployed," which was then a phrase that meant "down-and-outs." men thought fit for nothing else but Army service.

"The Army" has taken on a new meaning. To-day, a soldier, with mechanisation growing every day, must have intelligence. He is not mere cannon fodder, but a craftsman.

The old type of pre-war soldier might have been kidded into anything. Made half-drunk and given a shilling, he was easily duped into putting on uniform.

It is not so to-day. The modern recruit knows all about it.

And one thing he knows is that men disabled by Army life are treated with a cruelty and a callousness that is Recruiting's chief enemy.

There is often behind a three-line paragraph in a newspaper a tragic story which no one digs up.

I was shown, the other day, one such paragraph.

It mentioned that a train had been stopped in Sussex so that a passenger who had collapsed on the journey could be taken to hospital.

The passenger was W. C. O. Wickenden, of Moulsecombe, Brighton. Soon after reading that matter-of-fact statement, I was told Wickenden's story.

In hand-to-hand fighting at Ypres, right at the beginning of the war, he was clubbed with a blow from a German rifle butt.

He became insensible, and he was captured. Then, for four years, he was a prisoner in Germany.

When he came home, after four years of hardship and a monotony of existence awful to contemplate, they gave him a pension.

Gradually it was whittled down. Then it was stopped altogether with "a final settlement." Wickenden struggled on for years as a baker and pastrycook. Then specialists told him that, if he continued working, he would soon die.

Now the strange thing is that, when he became gravely ill because of head wounds inflicted, years before, in 1914, he was admitted to a hospital controlled by the Ministry of Pensions. Authority, while admitting liability for his treatment, at the same time refused to admit liability for a pension.

Well, Wickenden spent five months in the Ministry's magnificent hospital at Roehampton, magnificent, that is, to look at and inspect, so far as all its appliances are concerned, but really one of the most tragic places in the world, because there you find scores of men who will never recover.

At Roehampton, the doctors said that, although an operation was necessary, Wickenden could not endure it because of his extremely low state of health.

So Wickenden was on his way back home to Brighton, after pleading in vain to the Ministry of Pensions, when he collapsed. That was why the train was stopped.

Now, destitute, he is dependent on public assistance.

Now how can Duff-Cooper expect to get recruits from the neighbourhood of Wickenden's home in Brighton if his story goes on being talked about by everyone who knows it?

Twenty-four old soldiers have just become blind—delayed effects of gas twenty years ago. Mr. P. H. Crafter, now sightless, with a pension, in St. Dunstan's, was a London 'bus driver for eighteen years after the war

Yet this is merely one case. There are hundreds, whispers of which go round the towns of Britain.

Although many a youth does not mind accepting the risk of mutilation or disablement, the least he expects, in these days of enlightenment, is that there should be some maintenance for him, and his dependants, when he is stricken down.

Now let me tell you of Mrs. Carpenter, of Nelson Street, Plymouth.

She lost her husband in the Great War. That sacrifice did not prevent her from giving her son, Reginald, to the Royal Air Force as a boy apprentice, soon after he had reached his sixteenth birthday.

Reginald Carpenter was playing football, by order, one day, as part of his training, when, charged by a man on the other side, he had his leg bruised. It did not seem much, but, when examined by X-rays, it proved to be inflammation above the knee. "You must have hospital treatment," said Authority.

After receiving that, Carpenter was making rapid progress towards recovery *when, because of the bad sanitary conditions surrounding the surgical ward,* he contracted scarlet fever. His strength and resistance to disease were greatly weakened by the fever.

In consequence, his leg became worse. Tuberculosis set in. Operations were performed on him. While he was actually lying in his hospital bed, not long out of an anæsthetic, Carpenter was told that he had been discharged!!

Yes, he was no longer in the R.A.F. His pay had been stopped. He learned, also, that no pension would be granted to him.

Well, even so, Authority could not very well turn Carpenter out into the street. His condition was too serious.

So he had three more months of treatment. His leg was amputated. Yes, and he remained in hospital for two years, during which he had to undergo no fewer than six operations!

Then the authorities, giving him, with great generosity, an artificial limb, and, with even greater generosity, £10 from a Service charity, sent him home.

Carpenter cannot work. His only income is 7s. 6d. a week drawn from National Health Insurance funds!

Now you would not believe it, but Carpenter, while lying ill in a hospital bed because of injuries received while training, and because of an illness contracted because of the scandalous sanitary conditions of a military hospital ward, was discharged from the Royal Air Force *two days* before his nineteenth birthday!

It had been decided not only that his disability was not attributable to service, but that his age precluded him from any consideration at all.

To make certain, they sacked him forty-eight hours before he was nineteen. That was good staff work, wasn't it?

You do not read that sort of thing on the recruiting posters, do you? Yet it is callousness of this sort that prevents men from joining up.

The cases of Wickenden and Carpenter are not the only ones.

There is a young man, Frederick Jordan, about whose case Duff-Cooper should hear.

He, too, like Carpenter, lives at Plymouth, almost completely bedridden and dependent on the charity of friends.

When Jordan was fifteen, he, as Carpenter had done, enlisted in the Royal Air Force as a boy apprentice.

Then, three years later, he became a first-class aircraftsman.

Then he was sent to a camp in Bedfordshire, one in which the men had to live in huts so old and dilapidated, so draughty and so damp, and so lacking in drying facilities, that clothing was seldom dry when the weather was bad.

Well, Jordan developed a cough, almost inevitable in the dampness in which he lived.

Then, after months of agony and extreme debility, he asked for a thorough medical examination.

Yes, that was given him. But they gave him something else as well—the sack! Almost in the same sentence, he heard that he had lost, not only his health, but his career.

"You are suffering seriously with pulmonary tuberculosis," said the doctor.

Then he was discharged on the spot, and without a pension!

Oh, yes, they allowed him to stop on at the hospital for twenty months. And, because, for weeks, he was lying so near death's door that he was expected to pass through it at any time, they gave his relatives an open permit, so that they could go to his bedside at any hour of the day or night.

They were very kind about the permit, which they gave. But they were cruel about the pension, which they refused.

Now, although Authority admits that Jordan was 100 per cent. physically fit when he enlisted, the fact that he is now a complete invalid without a penny of income doesn't interest it in the least.

How can you get soldiers if you treat them like that? What is the good of saying that people aren't "patriotic" if this is the System?

What is the good of talking about "shirkers" if the country is so mean and niggardly, so callous and so cruel?

Against the decisions of autocrats the soldier, the airman and the sailor have no appeal.

This iniquitous old system must go!

Pensions should be awarded by an independent tribunal composed of business men, lawyers, doctors, clergymen and trade union officials.

They might listen to pleas for justice. The mandarins merely stuff wadding in their ears.

Politics And You . . . CRUEL TRAFFIC

ANOTHER effort is being made to get Parliament to stop the scandalous traffic in worn-out horses. For many years similar attempts have been made. All have failed up to now. Why? Just callous ignorance.

After long and faithful service in vans and on farms, these unfortunate animals are sold to Holland, Belgium and France for butchers' meat.

But early and painful death in some private slaughterhouse after a miserable seasick crossing is the kindest fate that can befall them.

Most of them get resold and endure many more years of drudgery, semi-starvation and ill-treatment before they reach the knackers, blind, lame, covered with sores and so emaciated that, according to one observer, "a description of their terrible state would be unprintable."

To Britain's everlasting disgrace, thousands of horses were left behind when the war ended.

One, which had served with the Machine Gun Corps, was recently bought in Belgium. Over forty, he was so famished that he went on eating for many hours.

Twenty-two thousand were sold-off in Egypt, some of them for a few shillings, to end their days in utter misery.

What are the chances of the present attempt being successful? Very slender indeed. Unless the Government helps.

Lord Long once said that "if these unfortunate horses are necessary for the food supply of the Continent, they ought to go as dead meat, not as live animals."

If you agree with this and hate to see loyal service treated in this fashion, drop a postcard to your Member. It will let him see that the public wants to see this scandal ended.

BACKACHE

IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG WITH MY KIDNEYS?

That is the question you should ask yourself when you feel the first sharp pains of backache.

Pain in any part of the body is Nature's warning that something is wrong. If the kidneys become inflamed and clogged, and so are unable to remove the waste products (uric acid) from the system, pain is felt in the small of the back; first a slight discomfort, increasing to intense agony like a knife thrust in the back.

Rheumatism, Painful Joints or Muscles and Urinary Disorders all indicate Faulty Kidney Action.

De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills have been specially compounded to meet and relieve all forms of Kidney Trouble. They put their healing touch right where it is wanted—the kidneys. From the first few doses you will get relief. Persist in the treatment and your kidneys will once again rapidly remove the accumulated poisons and waste matter from your body. Your pain will vanish, and you will feel brighter and more invigorated.

Sold by all chemists, prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

De WITTS PILLS

BRAND

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal, external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

Every Sufferer from INDIGESTION knows this to be true

He Wants Three Things and Wants Them Quickly.

1st Immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fulness, palpitation or flatulence.

2nd His inflamed or weakened stomach protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out.

3rd Help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All of these requirements are fully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

1st On entering the stomach it neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain and flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

2nd A valuable ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

3rd Another ingredient digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

By persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food without help.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all chemists at **1/6**

HAVOC of the FLOOD

"I have received the sum of Twenty-five Pounds from your free insurance.

"May I express to you my sincere thanks for your unfailing generosity? I am indeed grateful for the cheque, and it will go a long way towards helping to replace the great number of goods, etc., which were lost or destroyed or damaged in the recent severe flooding of the River Wharfe.

"I have been a regular reader of 'John Bull' for many years, and I greatly appreciate your free insurance scheme for readers."

During the recent floods rivers overflowed their banks, causing havoc in the homes of many "John Bull" registered readers. Their urgent appeal for assistance was promptly answered by "John Bull," as is evidenced by the letter from a reader which we publish on this page.

"John Bull" is the ONLY paper in the WORLD to safeguard its readers' household effects against damage by Flood. "John Bull" is also the ONLY paper to pay benefits for Fire, Storm and Tempest Damage, and to provide Benefit for Sickness.

In addition to these EXCLUSIVE benefits, "John Bull's" unparalleled Free Family Insurance Gift offers other wonderful advantages that are a godsend in times of distress.

£584 PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed to registered readers or their dependents no less than £584 16s. 5d., as follows:

Household and Sickness Benefits	£332	6	5
Accident Benefits—Adults	£136	10	0
Accident Benefits—Children	£116	0	0

If you have not yet SIGNED FOR SECURITY do so NOW on the forms below.

"JOHN BULL"—THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 13/3/37

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 13/3/37

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 37.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL'S' PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for **2/9**, plus **3d.** postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as **3d.** off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/6,** plus **3d.** postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

WORTH 3/-

MOTHER!

GIVE YOUR CHILD THE STRENGTH TO THROW OFF HIS COLD

MANY mothers think it's the coughing or sniffling that are the most serious symptoms of their child's cold. So they treat it with a remedy that is only local in its effect and then wonder why the cold often breaks out again. The real trouble is in the child's whole body; and it's that bodily weakness which local remedies can't reach. He isn't rid of his cold completely or safe against further colds till his bodily strength has been built up.

That's what Scotts Brand Emulsion does. It's a quick-acting, body-building tonic for children. An eminent Research Body has proved that

30 minutes after your child has taken a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion, every drop has gone to strengthen his whole body, particularly his chest and lungs.

That's how Scotts Brand Emulsion gives your child the strength to throw off his cold. He soon stops coughing. Develops a healthy colour and a keen appetite. Starts to put on weight. Goes safely through the rest of the winter, while less fortunate children are either coughing or sniffling or running a temperature.

If your child has had a cold already, beware of another. Every cold leaves him weaker, more open to infection. Give him Scotts Brand Emulsion regularly from today and you won't have to worry about his health these treacherous months.

SCOTTS BRAND EMULSION

Starts strengthening your child's chest within 30 minutes

Night-Life Secrets Exposed—4

The night starts when "good punters"—or easy prey—arrive, and it can go on until the morning, so long as the victims' money lasts

One-Night Monte Carlos

"Well . . ." said the man with the "guardee" moustache, "if you like to wait a few more minutes, we'll be starting another poker school. I'm expecting a couple of good punters in any time now, and then we'll have a 'four.'"

We were leaning against the bar of one of the 400 night clubs which cluster along the fringes of Piccadilly Circus (writes a John Bull investigator).

Around the dance floor perhaps half a dozen couples were moving languidly to the bored strains of a four-man band.

The barman had just called "Time" and had gone through the motions of closing down the bar.

"Closing down" meant simply sliding a screen round the bar, leaving a space at one end, a kind of serving hatch, at which the waiters were busy.

I had just asked my friend with the moustache (who had something to do with management of the club) if "there was anything else to do." He had suggested the poker game. "That is," he said, indicating the dancers, "if you're not interested in that kind of thing."

By and by, two "good punters" arrived. Introductions over (apparently they possessed only Christian names), we passed through a curtained door into a room behind the band platform.

Inside this room about thirty people were sitting at card games.

An individual in a dinner jacket showed us to a table. "Now," said my friend, "he'll get your chips for you."

★ It was explained to me that I would get 16s. worth of chips or poker counters for each £1. The balance was the club's rake-off. Table money it was called.

"And while we are at it," said my friend, "we may as well order drinks as well."

Drinks were to be ordered by the bottle only. A bottle of whisky, I noted, cost 30s. Soda water was free.

While we waited for the chips and the drinks, I had a glance round the room.

Judging from the number of chips stacked before various players, at least £150 was circulating among the tables.

At 4s. table money per £1, that represented £30 income that night to the club from this one room—to say nothing of the exorbitant profit from the drinks.

Even that was not all. At midnight, I was told, play theoretically ceased. Thereafter we could continue as long as we pleased at a 5s. "fine" per head.

Most people, I gathered, did carry on till the early hours of the morning.

The point is that without difficulty (I was not even a "member" of this club) I could go into a gambling game for as long as I pleased, and as long as my money lasted. And I could repeat the process night after night in scores or even *hundreds* of night clubs.

Gambling facilities are now an integral part of the "entertainment" offered by the night clubs—and one more reason for the huge police clean-up campaign.

In many clubs gambling is the *real* business of the establishment. The dance floor, the band, the bar are merely extras.

Though for the most part the games played are poker, rummy, vingt-et-un, etc., the stakes in the aggregate are high and the mug can lose quite as much as in the so-called casino games like roulette, baccarat and chemin de fer.

There is a well-knit organisation to ensure that a plentiful supply of mugs is forthcoming.

Most clubs employ a rustler or tout, whose job it is to get members or visitors into card games. My friend with the moustache was a rustler.

★ Some of them have forgotten more about individual psychology than the professors have learned.

They have their own methods for working up a possible client for the tables, and finding out beforehand precisely what he or she is worth.

For the night club card rooms are a stamping ground for professional gamblers. They help to make the place go, and they will not come along to the club unless they can be sure of a steady income.

They want victims who can be induced to lose in pounds.

Another reason why card gambling has become so widespread among the night clubs is that it is a steadier source of income for the proprietors.

It is better than the fruit machines and similar gambling devices (of which I have something to say farther on).

For though the profits on these diddler machines are enormous, the risks are high.

The odds are so obviously against the gambler that only the insane punter, or the extremely young, gamble on them night after night.

And losers feel foolish or resentful at being "diddled" so quickly and completely — which loses them as clients. There are no such dangers in the card rooms, where the victim feels he has had a run for his money.

There is another risk about these machines. They cost between £60 and £80 each. If the club is raided by the police it is cheaper to lose the "apparatus of gambling" like card tables than £60 machines.

The fine is the same whether it is card gambling or coin machine gambling. You can guess the extent to which these night club Monte Carlos have grown by looking at the police court reports.

Among the last forty prosecutions heard in the London courts, gambling has formed an additional charge in over 50 per cent. of the cases.

The largest penalty imposed is £100. Even a small club collects that amount in table money in a week.

Another development which is beating the police completely is the drift of the Chinese gambling game Pu-ka-pu into the smaller West End clubs.

Pu-ka-pu is a lottery game. The tickets are cards printed with about 100 Chinese characters which are issued by a Pu-ka-pu "bank" in the East End.

The player buys a card for anything from 5s. to £5 and marks off ten of the characters. Cards from the club are then taken, with the cash, by runners down to Limehouse.

Here the 100 characters are put into a drum, well shaken, and ten are drawn out. These ten are compared with the players' cards and they are paid out according to the number of characters they have guessed right.

The runner leaves for the West End clubs again and pays out the winnings the same night. Nine right on a 5s. stake can win £200.

Many players are deluded into buying a large number of cards, and so increase their chances of a prize, and the *nightly* turnover from the dozens of small Soho clubs which run Pu-ka-pu agencies is believed by the authorities to be well over £1,000.

★ It is a lucrative business for the night club proprietors, who draw roughly 30 per cent. of the stakes for allowing their clubs to be used as agencies, and providing players from among their visitors.

It is more profitable still to the Pu-ka-pu bankers, who are thus enabled to extend their takings to a larger market than Dockland

Farther up the scale in the night life gambling rackets are the places known in night club parlance as "flit joints."

These are the houses where you can play roulette, "chemmy" or baccarat for what stakes you please, and with practical immunity from the police.

The night clubs act as "feeders" to these gambling parties, which are now established in their scores in Mayfair and the more sedate suburbs like Kensington.

They constitute one of the Yard's biggest problems.

Introductions to these one-night Monte Carlos are easy enough. Their touts are everywhere, in the hotels and the night clubs.

I secured admittance to the one I visited through my rustler friend I met at the night club described above.

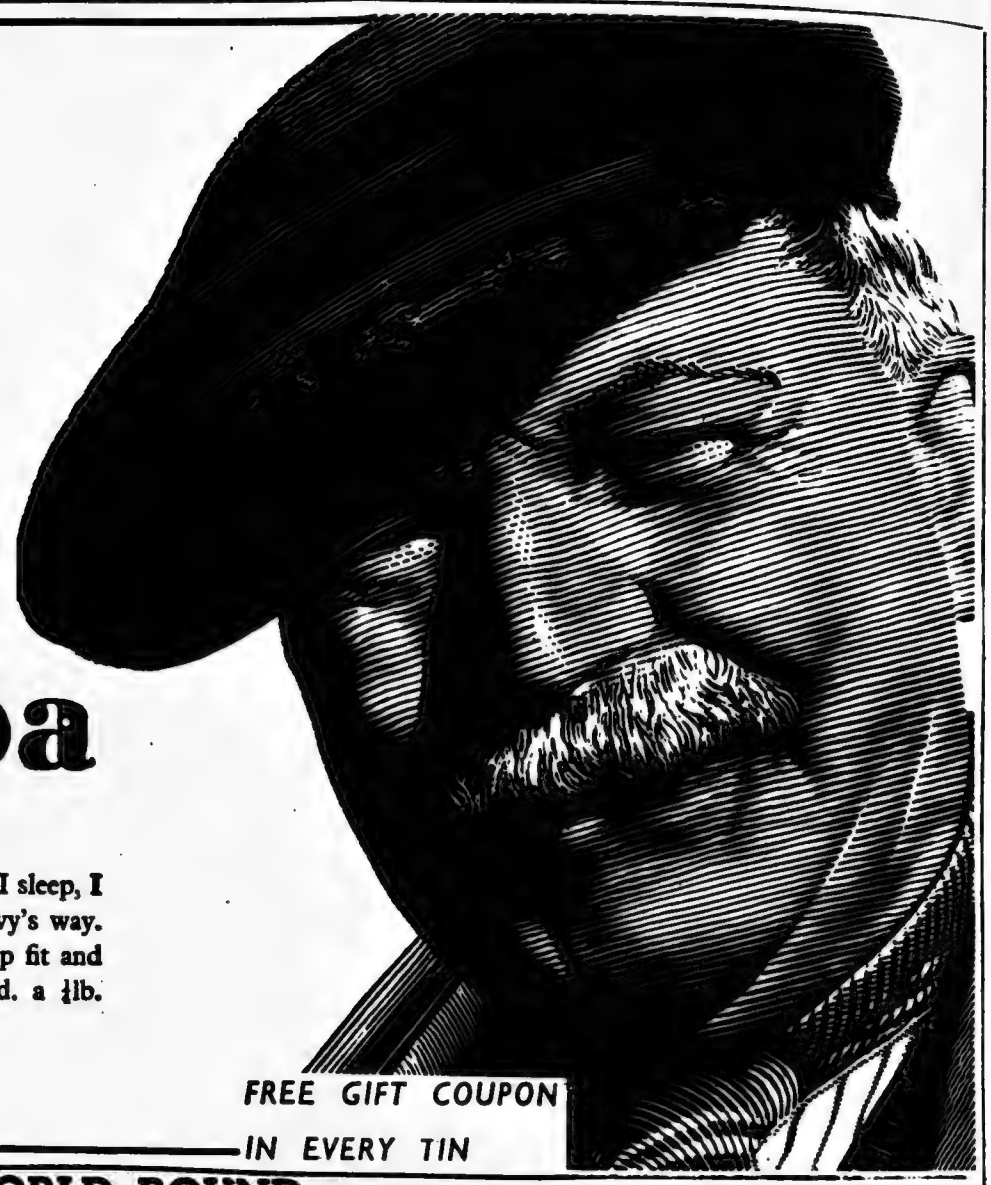
I merely mentioned that I would like something a little more exciting than the poker games which the club provided.

Next day I received an invitation

(continued on page 38)

The Boss says

I'm the best advertisement for Fry's Cocoa



He says I always turn up smiling. I'll tell you why. When I sleep, I sleep. Frost and snow, rain and sleet—they all come a navvy's way. But a cup of Fry's Cocoa before I go to bed makes me get up fit and smiling—ready for any sort of work or weather. Only 5½d. a ¼lb. (net weight).

FRY'S—THE FOOD YOU DRINK

FREE GIFT COUPON IN EVERY TIN

RHEUMATISM

PAIN-RELIEF IN FIVE MINUTES WITH

Phensic

Sciatica, Backache, Neuralgia, Neuritis and every Painful disorder is relieved in five minutes by Phensic. And each dose eliminates more and more Uric Acid, so you get continuous permanent improvement besides quick deliverance from pain. Phensic is an astonishing Pick-me-up which instantly banishes Lassitude, "Nerviness" and Depression, and restores strength, concentration and vivacity. It's a real tonic—a West End Physician's prescription which cannot harm the heart.

From Chemists 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

THE 5-MINUTE TONIC PAIN-KILLER

ALL THE WORLD ROUND—

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Best for Value

DUNLOP 'Universal'

THE GREAT ALL-PURPOSE MOTOR CYCLE TYRE

PRICES FROM **20/6**

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LTD., FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM
Branches throughout the World

7H/Z6 C.F.H.

The *Quick* Way WITH A

CHEST COLD

Rub on this SUPER-STRENGTH OINTMENT

This treatment will make sure that it goes overnight. Get a pot of Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. It is *super-strength*. It is the most powerful remedy you can buy. Yet it will not burn or blister. Rub it on when you go to bed and in the morning all soreness will be gone, and dangerous complications like bronchitis or pneumonia warded off. Because Musterole is so much more powerful and penetrating it costs a little more than ordinary preparations, but what are a few pence against the *certain* and almost instant relief from pain and discomfort that Musterole brings? Actually, you will find Musterole very economical because, owing to its great penetrating power, you need use so little at a time. A pot of Musterole in the house may save you and yours hours of pain and misery—rub it on at the first sign of coughs, sore throats, chest colds, muscular rheumatism, 'Flu (in thousands of cases it has prevented pneumonia), aches and sprains and congestion.

MUSTEROLE 'BRAND MUSTARD OINTMENT PRICE 2/6

My GREAT Victory for Shopkeepers

One of the victims of the ramp here exposed by Sir Wyndham Childs (above)

by Sir Wyndham Childs

AN issue of vital interest to countless small shopkeepers throughout the country has just been decided in the Norwich City County Court, and it will be of especial interest to JOHN BULL readers as an instance of the way in which this journal watches their interests behind the scenes.

There has been signal endorsement at last by the court of a contention I have held that a system of planned deception on and robbery of shopkeepers has been rife.

As many of my readers will know, the services of the Investigation Department over which I preside do not end with the warnings I issue from week to week. Indeed, there are countless cases of fraud, injustice or hardship that are far too involved for me to deal with adequately in print.

Such cases it is my pleasure to handle by correspondence and I am happy to know that I have thus been instrumental in assisting and advising countless readers who have found themselves the victims of some form of roguery, deception, or sharp practice.

Over a period of years now I have followed the activities of a band of travellers employed by an advertising firm trading under the name of Cyril Hirst, Ltd., of 35, Saville Street, Leeds.

A profitable enterprise of this company consists in hiring out advertising cabinets to small local tradespeople, who are first approached by travelling canvassers.

Letters asking my advice in regard to Cyril Hirst, Ltd., have poured in to me from every part of the country. Always there is the suggestion in these letters that the writers were induced to sign for the cabinets through the specious misrepresentation of the travellers.

◆◆ Generally the mode of operation of the travellers is as follows:

They concentrate on a particular district, and make numerous calls on the smaller traders. Their proposition to a shopkeeper is that if he takes one of the Hirst cabinets he can easily make a satisfactory revenue by letting out advertising spaces on the front of the thing.

An assurance is given that the cabinet will be installed free of cost, and that if it does not prove to be profitable after a period of time it will be removed and no charge will fall on the hirer.

Shopkeepers are also led to understand that they will be allowed a cabinet rent free for the first three months.

When the prospective victim has been properly beguiled by a traveller, documents are put before him to sign. And the signatures are obtained by further trickery. The most usual pretext for securing a signature is that the document is merely permission to instal a cabinet, or just an acknowledgment for record purposes that the traveller has made a call on the shopkeeper.

Two documents are put forward for signature. One purports to be the original and the other a copy. But when the shopkeeper asks for the copy to be left with him, some excuse is made that both documents must go back to the firm for acceptance. If the victim is accepted as a customer then the copy will be posted to him in due course.

Always, however, the cabinet is erected before the victim receives the document he has been led to sign. Then he discovers that he has definitely contracted to rent a cabinet for a term of either two or three years at a rental of 2s. a week, payable quarterly, and that in *no circumstances whatever* can the contract be cancelled after delivery of the cabinet.

From the evidence collected by my long investigation I can reveal that the chief travelling canvassers employed by Cyril Hirst, Ltd., are three men by the names of Johnson, Fenbow and Pittam.

Complaints I have sifted involve the three of them.

With regard to Fenbow, he was convicted at Derby in the summer of 1934 for obtaining money by false pretences.

He asked then that more than forty other cases of a similar nature should be taken into consideration against him in determining his punishment.

That was during a time when he ceased to be employed by Cyril Hirst, Ltd. After his conviction and sentence he was re-engaged by the firm and sent on the road again as a canvasser for cabinets.

My contention has long been that the methods of these Hirst travellers consist of systematic fraud.

This contention of mine, I am pleased to say, has now been supported by the recent decision of the learned judge at the Norwich City County Court, and I propose to reveal details which have so far escaped publication.

Action was brought by Cyril Hirst, Ltd., against six traders of Norwich and district claiming the payment of rental said to be due for advertising cabinets.

In each case the defence was an allegation of fraudulent misrepresentation to secure signatures to hiring contracts.

◆◆ When deciding the issue, the judge declared, if the evidence for the defence was true, the firm's canvassers went far beyond what was legitimate for a canvasser or commercial traveller to do in forcing his sales. The travellers were placed in a position of great temptation, depending simply on the commission they earned for a living.

"I think," said the judge, "they did offer inducements to enter into contracts which were not justified. In these cases I have come to the conclusion that the defendants were induced to enter into these contracts by misrepresentations of these canvassers and that, therefore, they are not liable."

The result of those county court actions is of particular interest and satisfaction to me. For before the defence was framed I was consulted on behalf of the shopkeepers, and was able to give advice which proved of material assistance, and which has brought me many letters of appreciation and thanks.

During the case, too, the legal representative of the defendants, Mr. F. T. Alpe, frequently expressed his appreciation of the services this newspaper was able to offer. "Much praise is due to JOHN BULL," he declared.

A significant fact, arising in the examination of H. Long, the secretary to Cyril Hirst, in the witness-box, was that the firm had no fewer than 1,361 cases against clients in the hands of its lawyers.

From figures supplied to me, I have made a calculation of the substantial return secured by the company through the disposal of advertising cabinets—the value of which is negligible.

And it would not surprise me to learn that the company's profits since the inception of this business amount to between thirty or forty thousand pounds.

◆◆ Reverting back to the general question of the behaviour of these three travellers, one would have expected that when Cyril Hirst and Co., Ltd., became acquainted with what was taking place a searching enquiry would have been ordered for the credit of the firm.

That the company knew of the allegations made by victimised shopkeepers is abundantly plain. Yet, judging by the spate of complaints to me, nothing was done.

Canvassers of the firm—I should explain—receive no salary. Their remuneration is by commission only—£1 for every contract signed.

As the learned judge at Norwich pointed out, travellers working under this system were placed in a position of great temptation.

When the grievances of their unfortunate clients are brought to the notice of Cyril Hirst, Ltd., the only reply—which I have seen—is that the firm has no cause to doubt the accuracy of their travellers' statements.

I have never known mercy shown by the company towards customers. County court summonses are issued without hesitation. The inevitable sequel in many instances is that execution is levied, and homes broken up.

I invite Messrs. Cyril Hirst to address me personally on this matter, in the hope that I may be able to inform my readers that this outrageous scandal has ceased.

Coronation Book—Last Chance

JOHN BULL readers have been quick to appreciate the value of *The Coronation Book of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth*—the entirely new £1 1s. work which immortalises for all time one of the greatest events of our age, and which JOHN BULL is presenting to its readers.

So great is the demand that JOHN BULL this week, on page 5, publishes the final Reservation Forms, with which you can secure this wonderful volume. This is your last chance!

This book is the most lavishly produced of all the records of the Coronation. In its 512 pages, nearly 700 pictures and 40,000 words is the story of the lives of Their Majestics and the two Princesses.

To complete the beauty and interest of this remarkable book a special section has been included which contains exquisite whole-page art plates in full colours. These show separate portraits of the King and Queen in Coronation robes, also the Crown Jewels—painted by Fortunino Matania, R.I.—and there is a delightful full colour picture of the two Princesses.

A 32-page Coronation section in the book provides a full guide for the great day, with map, plan of the Coronation route and pictures of a rare nature.

* * *

Provided you act at once, a copy of this volume is guaranteed for you for the amazingly low sum of only 2s. 10d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

The book is exquisitely bound and there is also a Superb De Luxe Edition if you prefer.

Don't miss this book of the century. It will never again be published. Turn now to pages 4 and 5 and make sure of reserving your copy by posting the Reservation Forms at once.

COLOSSAL CORONATION RA EXPOSED

TWO months from to-day London will be host to something like 200,000 people who will have crossed the seas to witness one of the most glorious spectacles still left in a world from which pageantry is dying—the Coronation.

One can only guess at the number of visitors from all over the United Kingdom who will mingle with them. Certainly, they will total millions. And certainly, Coronations having a far more magnetic attraction than any other events, and transport facilities having improved enormously since the last Coronation was held, the influx will be the greatest any city has ever known.

These people will come here knowing something about the law of supply and demand. They will expect that a holiday in London at such a time will cost more than in the heart of a normal summer, and the general mass of people who will cater for them will see that their expectations are not exceeded.

We can assure them that they need fear no exploitation at the hands of ordinary British hotelkeepers, tradesmen and business staffs.

But we want to warn them, as well. We want to warn them that all the worst elements of society in this country, the out-and-out crooks, the mean tricksters skilled at living just within the law, the exploiters of cheap labour, the grabbing landlords and profiteers of all sorts and shapes, are preparing for a mass plunder without precedent in our history.

The cases of chronic overcharging for accommodation, and the letting at fabulous prices of standing or sitting room from which hardly any view of the procession will be possible, must take their place among the grosser scandals.

The story we have to tell is of sinister syndicates that have helped to force those prices up to their present disgraceful levels;

Of tickets sold for places that don't exist;

Of clubs and restaurants taken over for a week or a month by temporary owners determined to plunder those who are forced to seek them out for food and refreshment or go without;

Of families turned out of their homes because their windows overlook the route of the procession—and much else that is even worse.

LIKE CHICAGO

It is in the hope that the authorities will do something to circumvent the activities of this army of crooks, profiteers and other parasites to which we refer, and that visitors may be put on their guard against them, that we set out to describe something of their plans and activities.

Let us now look more closely at these gentry.

There is one type that intends practising a form of extortion that will be new to this country, and which reeks more of Chicago.

These people dub themselves with the harmless-sounding name of "catering syndicates."

They are going round to restaurants and small clubs at this moment with the proposal that the businesses should be made over to them for Coronation Week or Coronation Month at a figure they offer, usually twice or three times the profits for the corresponding period of 1936.

They are stating quite frankly that they will be able to exact what they like from the people who will have to go to them for refreshment, or go without, whereas the proper owners would not be able to charge much more than their ordinary prices because of the danger that their businesses would suffer in future as a result.

They are not afraid of chain teashops that will charge ordinary prices, because they know the Coronation will pack every club and restaurant within half an hour's walk of Piccadilly.

Some of them are not afraid of resorting to gangster methods.

"If you don't see business in the same way as we do," they told one café proprietor who hesitated over their offer, "you'll find your shop full of young men who want a cup of tea and sit three hours over it while your grub burns in the kitchen."

And they told the proprietor of a small afternoon club: "We know your business as well as you do, and we know that no matter how much you keep your eyes skinned you couldn't help break the law if somebody set out to make you do it.

"We could smash any booze club in a week."

It's little wonder that so many small proprietors have surrendered to them, that thousands of visitors are going to be fleeced in consequence.

Another type of profiteer is actually hoping that the police close all the bottle parties with their 35s. bottles of whisky and other drinks at proportionate prices.

They will then step in with a worse form of plunder. Their whisky will be 50s. or more a bottle, and other drinks will be increased proportionately.

In short, their scheme is to invite people to buy drink by post, sending their money to a stated address and asking that it shall be sent to them at another stated address.

WILL IT WORK?

Address No. 1, of course, will be the receipt of custom of the people running the racket.

Address No. 2 will be the place at which the drink can be consumed.

The argument is—and it will be interesting to see what the authorities think of it—that a man has every right to buy a bottle of whisky sent by post and to consume it at the place where it is delivered by the postman.

. . . but while the police are used to handling vast crowds they will have no easy task in checking the crooks who are plotting to fleece those crowds

...amps

Visitors will flock to Britain from all parts of the world in their thousands for the Coronation celebrations . . .

And here is another aspect of the highway robbery that will be carried on among the pleasure-seeking crowds in London's West End.

A reputable cigarette-maker was asked by a syndicate to manufacture cigarettes not quite up to the ordinary standard shilling-for-twenty brands and put them in packets of ten stamped 2s. 6d.

The great idea was confided into his astonished ear. It was that club and restaurant proprietors were going to be asked to hide away their more popular brands and stock nothing but these. Big profits were to be the bait.

He is now able to judge from the number of such packets he has supplied on what a scale the swindle will be carried out. It will be truly immense.

And he has heard of another syndicate that is working a similar ramp with what he calls a "real choker"—a really atrocious cigarette boxed to sell at 8d. for five.

"I'm sorry, sir, but these are all we've got left," the waiters will say. And guests will either have to buy them or go without.

These are only a few specimens of the get-rich-schemes that will be tried on the fun-seeking crowds.

There are many more. And there are probably more still of which we have not yet heard. By the great day there may be scores.

Some people might argue that people all out for amusement at such a time should be prepared to pay for it—an unsound argument.

At any rate, they couldn't say the same about the accommodation rackets that are being worked.

You have heard the stories of a Countess's house offered at a thousand guineas a week, a mews flat at forty guineas, a maid's bedroom at five guineas a day—and there are thousands and thousands like them, all true, by the way.

They are but mildly scandalous compared with some we could quote.

THREATS

For instance, there are one or two agents in the West End of London who do good business by finding flats for women of a certain character, who are always made to pay higher rents by virtue of their profession.

These wretched women are being cleared out of their scrubby 30s. and two-guinea-a-week flats pell mell, on the threat that if they don't vacate them their tenancies will be opposed on the grounds that they put the flats to immoral uses.

If their homes were to be offered at economic rentals, it would be at something like 30 per cent. less than those women had been made to pay.

But, no, this is Coronation time. And so there are many cases of flats of such a kind being offered at from forty to fifty guineas a week—hundreds at twenty guineas a week and upwards.

Other disreputable house agents have made it their business to prepare lists of good, honest families who are living in flats and tiny houses on weekly or monthly tenancies, and who can therefore be kicked out at small notice.

They have passed the tip on to certain unscrupulous landlords—for a nice, fat consideration.

These families are being pushed out at a time when one has to be a fairly rich man to be able to book any accommodation.

And the little homes they have left behind are offered for the Coronation at Mayfair rentals.

£30 A WEEK

One of the most despicable cases of that kind concerns a family that was renting a floor from which a view of the Coronation procession could be obtained. The building is in a side street just off the route.

A mere 27s. 6d. a week was the rent of their home. On Coronation Day, people who have paid twelve guineas a chair will sit at its windows.

And three of the people who will sit there will rent it for a month at thirty pounds a week or thereabouts.

If it is any consolation to them, we can tell the tens of thousands of visitors who are the victims of wickedly high charges for accommodation that there are hundreds of wretched families, people who pay taxes to this realm and fight its battles if the need arises, who are suffering ten times more cruelly than they.

One bright spot in the distressing story of London's prices for accommodation is that the majority of hotels have disdained such profiteering.

They have raised their prices in most cases—but they could have raised them many times more. They have acted as a check on the rent profiteers.

Then there is the wild profiteering that is going on in window accommodation. Our files provide many stories about that.

They contain descriptions of third-row-from-the-front positions from which people will be able to see nothing, except with extraordinarily good luck. Those positions have been booked at twelve guineas each.

They even include cases of people who have paid to see the procession from windows that don't exist.

Purchasers of those non-existent places are going to be horribly disappointed when they arrive in London.

Both the Polytechnic and the Australian Travel Service have encountered cases in which people have disposed of windows to which they have no right whatsoever.

There looks like being free fights for many windows on Coronation Day.

Rogues responsible take an office with an imposing address, get notepaper printed, and sell through the post.

When the last penny has come in, they disappear.

We have details of one case in which a man got away with five hundred pounds. His victims will have no redress.

Our records show that one of the major reasons why such huge sums are being asked for window and balcony positions is most people renting seats are not dealing direct with the owners of the windows. All sorts of agents and sub-agents intervene.

Apparently there was a wild rush on the part of syndicates to get options on windows as soon as the route was known.

In the first rush, some stupefied people accepted twenty pounds and even less for windows that will eventually yield four or five hundred pounds.

One case that has come to our notice concerns a balcony rented by an agent for £30, sub-let to another agent for £100, sub-sub-let to yet another agent for £200, and finally let to ticket holders for a total of £285.

Another is of a man who dashed into a business office in Regent Street and rented a window for £200, on which he was only able to pay a tiny deposit, and who at once dashed out and re-let it for £500.

VANISHED

The owner of a business let his window for £200 to an agent "A," who promptly paid a deposit of £50. "A," having asked for and obtained an agreement, promptly took it along to "B" and sub-let for £400, drawing that amount forthwith.

Whereupon "A" disappeared with the money.

Now, the proprietor, having drawn only £50, argues his right to let seats at the window to anybody who requires them. "B" maintains that right is his.

And as for "A," it is presumed that he has put the sea between himself and the Coronation.

Without a doubt, the Coronation has already put some scores of thousands of pounds into wrong hands.

One helpful fellow who came under our notice set himself out to act as an intermediary between visitors who wanted accommodation and people who had it to offer.

Both Vine-street and Bow-street police are after him now. He was only out to help himself after all, just as he was on past occasions when he earned himself a few long terms of imprisonment.

Yes, all the worst elements of society are busy in connection with the Coronation.

It is a worse pity because Great Britain is going to be the focus of the world's attention in the next ten weeks—and what is the world going to think of us unless there is a great Coronation clean-up?

THE BAIT

Let the Government not forget that the other European countries that are "muscling in" on our Coronation, bargaining on our foreign visitors fleeing from high prices as soon as the great day is over, are offering extraordinarily low prices as a bait.

They are not to be blamed for that, of course, but our national reputation will be bound to suffer when visitors start drawing comparisons.

Germany, for instance. She is to have a monster fair at Dusseldorf, musical festivals at Bayreuth and Munich, escorted tours to everywhere at fantastically low prices, and minor fêtes and celebrations in a score of big towns.

It is not in a spirit of beneficence that she is offering special exchange rates at par for visitors, 60 per cent. railway reductions, hotel rates that can't be increased by a ha'penny except under penalties.

And France. It is coincidence that her Wembley—the Paris International Exhibition — follows the Coronation.

But there are to be carnivals and sports exhibitions in every province besides. There is to be the biggest season of gaiety the whole country over since the war.

And the word has gone round: "No increase in prices. Visitors are to go away saying France is dirt cheap for the holiday-maker." In fact, railway rates are to be cut by 50 per cent.

Foreign and Colonial visitors cannot fail to be favourably impressed by such special inducements, calculated to attract them to return.

The real danger to our national reputation springs from an undesirable element in no way typical of the country as a whole.

It is up to the authorities to thwart that element.

Our visitors are coming over here believing in our honesty, reliability, and fairness—especially in the inexorable justice that keeps us free from the crime epidemics, vice and corruption.

We have got to send them back believing in us still.

Front Page News—13

By Stanley Bishop

JUDGE *who* CHANGED A SYSTEM

A JOURNALIST grows up with judges. If his particular work deals with crimes and courts, he may meet them first as junior counsel, when they have the human weakness for discreet publicity. Later he can watch them as leaders, taking prosecution or defence in famous cases. Finally he sees them—aloof, detached, dignified—"My Lord the King's Justice."

So the reporter, as he passes on, collects stories of great judges. He knows their moods and peculiarities. From his experience he thanks them for the consideration they always show to the newspaper men whose duties send them regularly to the courts.

On many occasions at county assizes I have experienced difficulties from the too-strict interpretation of instructions by a local official, and so have my colleagues.

A private note to the judge, through his clerk, will always smooth the way. The conscientious official after that becomes tame and almost human!

From that introduction I go forward to this browsing article—telling stories of judges, courts and trials.

In a reporter's recollection, the judge who stands out beyond all others is the late Sir Horace Avory, the man whose legal mind was beyond compare, and whose personal kindness was of a supreme quality.

To reporters, Mr. Justice Avory was always referred to as "the great little man." From the newspaper point of view, he was always the criminal judge without equal. A trial taken by Mr. Justice Avory meant interest from start to finish.

Another Fleet Street reporter and myself went touring the country during a number of years, attending the "front page news" trials of Mr. Justice Avory. He knew who we were, and exactly what we had to do; that as descriptive writers doing a general introduction of each day's proceedings it was not necessary for us to remain in court the whole of the day.

Therefore at certain hours which had some meaning to thirsty reporters, the judge would look towards us where we invariably sat together, and he would give a nod, as though saying, "I appreciate what you are thinking about, and you are free to leave the court if you wish."

Responding to the time—and the nod—at one trial in the Surrey Assize Court, I met disaster. Getting up, I accidentally knocked against a gas bracket, and the big glass globe fell with a terrible crash into the well of the court. Making matters worse, I stumbled and fell down the steep, short flight of stairs from the Press box.

The clatter was tremendous. I regained my feet, flushed and fearful, expecting a cutting rebuke. But Mr. Justice Avory said nothing in reprimand. For a moment his face was frozen in its sternness and then his lips puckered into the nearest approach to a smile I ever saw him display.

How bitter Mr. Justice Avory could be if he had cause! I remember a county assize at which a short case of an unpleasant nature was heard just before another case of major importance.

The court was crowded in expectation for the opening of the second case; many women, as usual, being in the forefront of the gallery.

Mr. Justice Avory—"the great little man"

Referring to the indecency case, Mr. Justice Avory said, "In view of the evidence which may be given in this case, ladies present may leave the court."

Nobody moved. Women were frightened of losing their places for the second trial.

The judge waited a few moments, and then added in that frightening, cold voice of his, "I perceive there are no ladies present."

At that particular assize the calendar of indictments was a really dreadful document. Several charges were set down of a character which ordinary people would not accept as possible.

Now let us move to the Cambridge Assize Court—that uncomfortable chamber in an ugly building on the outskirts of the university town.

Mr. Justice Bailache, the judge, was taking a murder charge. Things that members of the Bar said about the late Mr. Justice Bailache would not bear repetition. He was unpopular because of his ironic—often uncivil—criticism of counsel. He was an uninteresting judge from the newspaper angle, unless by his bickering he urged a barrister into indignant remonstrance.

Counsel for the Crown in that trial were the late Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, K.C., and (as he was then) Mr. Travers Humphreys, now a judge of great distinction, the natural successor in criminal cases to Sir Horace Avory.

I wonder if Mr. Justice Humphreys remembers what he murmured under his breath—as a junior counsel at Cambridge Assizes—against the presiding judge, his manners and his summing-up?

For me that case is one out of the ordinary because of an occurrence which I am sure has never taken place before or since in any British court. . . .

Prisoner is in the dock with two guards, and the case nears its climax of decision. The Press seats at the court are immediately before the dock—only the partition and rail separates them.

An usher called me because I was wanted on the telephone, and I left the court. When I returned to take my place I heard a whispered voice in my ear: "Any man with a heart would have brought something back with him to help those who cannot get out and are gasping with thirst."

It was one of the prison officers speaking. I muttered back across the dock rail, "What do you want?" The reply was, "Two bottles of beer, and if you ever 'come inside' we will look after you well."

Well, I went outside again and across the way to return with the two requests under my coat. Mr. Justice Bailache was just beginning his summing up. I was frightened to death that I might drop one of the bottles.

Somehow or other, without being detected, I managed to pass one bottle and then the other over the dock to the prison officers.

Presently one officer left the dock and went below. An appropriate interval, and he returned, refreshed, and his mate then went down the staircase to the cells.

Years afterwards I chanced to meet one of those prison officers again and secured from him information which was of some value to me. Bread (or rather beer) cast on the waters!

Before passing from that Cambridge murder trial there is a story about Mr. Justice Bailache which should be given.

He led a revolt of junior judges against a practice of long standing. It used to be the custom when the assize circuits were fixed at a judges' meeting at the High Courts for the most recently appointed judges to be sent to the northern and north-eastern circuits to tour a series of industrial cities in which work is tremendously heavy.

More senior judges took, by prescriptive right, the nearer South-Eastern, Oxford and Western Circuits, with shorter travelling, less civil work and more comfortable lodgings.

They were allotting circuits, and the senior judge, preparing to make entry, said, "Brother Bailache will, of course, take the Northern Circuit."

There was consternation—as much as judges can ever show—when Mr. Justice Bailache declared, "And Brother Bailache *will not go* on the Northern Circuit," following up with an explanation that he had been sent to the North or North-East ever since he became a

(*Continued on page 28*)

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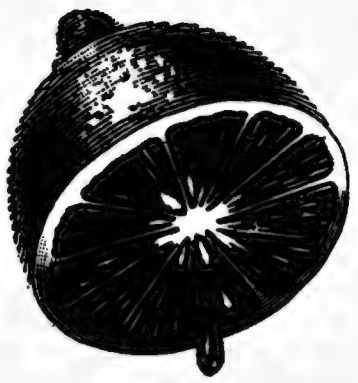

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Gers/B

A SCANDAL AT THE CLUB—BUT
IT TAUGHT DOREEN A LESSON
THERE'S JACK DANCING WITH SYLVIA AGAIN. I'M SORRY FOR DOREEN
MY DEAR SHE'S LOST HER LOOKS TERRIBLY — HER COMPLEXION!
MARGARET WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT MY COMPLEXION JACK'S ALWAYS CHASING AFTER SYLVIA NOWADAYS
TRY KNIGHT'S CASTILE, DEAR IT'S WONDERFUL FOR TIRED SKIN
the next club dance
DON'T YOU WANT TO DANCE WITH SYLVIA JACK ? . . . .
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"That's the reason I get Rowntree's Cocoa"

says Mrs. Cox, of Redhill, Surrey.

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Rent	11	11
Coal	2	5
Coke		6
Clothes	5	0
Music	2	0
Club	2	6
Insurance	2	6
Food	30	0
Sundries	3	2
	£3	0 0

"THERE'S five in our family," says Mrs. Cox, "Dad, the three children and myself. With never more than £3 a week coming in, I've got to watch things very closely.

"Food is the big problem. To keep your family healthy you've always got to be scheming ways to get the most out of meals. I like to allow 30/- for food, but often I can't manage as much. That's when Rowntree's Cocoa is such a blessing. I don't know why, but somehow I find we get more good from all our meals when we have Rowntree's. I've never found any other cocoa that did this — and I've tried most of them. Another thing about Rowntree's is that it's so easy to digest. Beryl, my youngest, has it every day and I never get any trouble with her tummy."

* * *

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A special predigestion process (used only by Rowntrees) makes it more digestible than other cocoas. So digestible, in fact, that it actually helps digest everything you have with it — as no other cocoa can.

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Joyce (7) and John (11) Mrs. Cox's eldest children. "They're so big, people always think they're older," says Mrs. Cox. "I give Rowntree's Cocoa a lot of the credit for that."

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In The Dock With A Murderer

judge, that he was tired of this preferential treatment, and that he intended to insist on a more equitable distribution of circuit favours.

And, in the end, he gained his point. The old system was smashed by his opposition.

Moving to Mr. Justice Humphreys, a man of unflinching personal courage, who, in his public service, has received special police protection more frequently than any other judge. . . .

Back in 1922 he, as Treasury Counsel, led in a highly dangerous criminal prosecution—the trial of the Irish gunmen, Reginald Dunn and Joseph O'Sullivan, who murdered Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson outside the front door of his house in Eaton Place, during the days of the trouble, or the "late war," as they still call it in Ireland.

Just before the shooting of the Field-Marshal, a man was taken from a dance hall in Hammersmith. He was driven to a spot on the Ashford-Staines road; told to kneel and say his prayers, and as he knelt he was killed. That man was an informer for the English Secret Service against the Irish.

By quiet hint to the newspapers, nothing much was ever printed about his murder. His real name was never disclosed. His murderers were never caught.

So serious was the position, so imminent the threat of the gun even in the heart of London, that at the prosecution of the assassins of Sir Henry Wilson the witnesses did not give their names.

It was thought advisable to cloak them under the title of Witness No. 1, Witness No. 2 and so on. Sir Travers Humphreys did not mind his name being paraded in connection with that case. He was prepared cheerfully to meet every risk of bullet or knife.

At the trial of the two prisoners Mr. Justice Shearman, presiding at the Old Bailey, caused considerable criticism because he refused to allow Dunn to read from the dock a carefully prepared document which was an argument for reprisals by Irishmen against England.

"This," said the judge when the paper was shown to him, "is a political manifesto on the right to kill, and the court cannot be used as a means of anarchic propaganda."

Looking back, I bear in mind that the trial of Dunn and O'Sullivan was one of the quickest on record. It was completed in a short day.

When the judge passed sentence of death and closed the formula of legal words with "and may the Lord have mercy on your soul," Dunn retorted, "He will, my lord. He will," while O'Sullivan declaimed, "All I have done, my lord, I have done for Ireland, and for Ireland I am proud to die."

Jumping years to another Old Bailey murder trial, that of the late Mrs. Elvira Barney for the shooting of her lover, Thomas William Stephen, in a mews flat off Sloane Street. . . .

During the concluding period of that case my neighbour in the court was a very famous man—Mr. George Arliss.

He at that time was over in England on holiday, and being keenly interested came to the court as an ordinary member of the public.

He sat for a time in the back benches, until a police sergeant filmgoer noticed him and moved him to a better place—a congested six inches of room in the Press seats.

Final speech by Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C. for the defence. . . . Reference to the distinguished novelists who were in court to write to order on the agony of the young woman standing in peril of her life. . . . A denunciation also of the distinguished actors and other notable people who flocked to the court to witness the spectacle of a woman on the rack. . . . That, in effect, was the beginning of a masterly speech.

"Rather curious," said Mr. George Arliss to me, "those remarks, for I have in my pocket here an invitation to lunch with counsel."

A fact which has never been disclosed about the Mrs. Barney case is that when, after the shooting, she was taken to the police station for quite proper questioning, she became beyond control. She attacked a detective officer, who is now in a senior position at New Scotland Yard, biting him on the hand and striking him violently across the face.

Ending this commentary on judges and trials, I come to a unique experience when I sat in the dock with a murderer.

We transfer from the Old Bailey to the Palais de Justice, Paris, that huge building of courts and corridors which spreads its front along the river Seine.

The occasion was the end of the trial of Paul Gougouloff, the Russian who assassinated M. Doumer, the aged President of the Republic.

My mission was to go to Paris and write a description of the concluding stages of this the greatest criminal trial in France for three-quarters of a century, from what I can term the "Old Bailey angle"; a comparison of our methods with those of France.

First thing I learned in Paris was the impossibility of securing entry into the court. Every ticket allowed to the newspapers was issued. The court was so full that standing room did not exist. Neither money nor influence could obtain any facilities.

The Palais de Justice was guarded by armed troops and gendarmerie. The idea that I might get inside was fantastic.

Through an English barrister practising in Paris an introduction was secured to a high official of the court. I explained to him that I came from London for the purpose of reporting the last day.

He laughed. He was polite, but unhelpful.

In desperation I showed him my "police identity card," the small cardboard folder which is issued by New Scotland Yard and the City of London police to accredited reporters of London newspapers.

The effect of that card was magical. The official apologised for his former attitude. He called up an agent of the Paris police and said that I must be taken into the court forthwith.

When we surveyed the court room through a side door, there was not a spare inch of space anywhere—except a bench in the dock behind the form on which the prisoner sat, manacled to two gendarmes.

And to this vacant place I was escorted. The only thing between me and the prisoner was the broad backs of the gendarmes. Leaning forward I could touch the accused on the shoulder.

When he went from the court at the midday adjournment and after sentence of death by beheading he stumbled over my feet.

He mumbled words to me, protesting his innocence of intent to kill—the man who murdered the President of the French Republic talking to an English reporter in the dock of the Palais de Justice.

Gougouloff in the dock for trial for the assassination of President Doumer

Greatest Of These

Amy

SIX-YEAR-OLD Amy's ex-Service dad died sixteen months ago from cancer.

Her mother, at the time of her husband's last illness, had her baby, now aged three, in hospital on the danger list with pneumonia, and had to visit the two hospitals each day. "My husband," she told us, "suffered terribly during his last three weeks."

Amy's mother, who is far from strong, has done her best for her six kiddies since her husband's death.

Amy is the delicate one of the family, having been under the T.B. dispensary for the last year. The eldest, a boy aged sixteen, is working, and his earnings help to pay the rent of 18s. 6d. a week, which, otherwise, could not be met out of her widow's pension of 27s.

Her second eldest, aged fourteen, will be placed in a job when she leaves school this month, and will need decent clothing.

Amy's mother has the reputation of being "a real struggler" and worthy of every consideration that our readers can give.

All donations, whether earmarked "Amy" or the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Next Week:

The Watch On The Rhine

Where's that strength gone? Where's that stamina? Come on, Oxbridge! You can't have been getting the full nourishment from your food. Try Pan Yan with it! Pan Yan stimulates the gastric juices—helps digestion—makes your food *do you more good!*

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You cannot better Nature's way of remedying the ills our civilisation has brought us. Constipation is one of these ills...and Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is Nature's reply. ALL-BRAN cleanses like a *water-softened sponge*. Within the body the soft "bulk" of ALL-BRAN gently exercises intestinal muscles, and *sponges out* the system. Eat two tablespoonfuls a day and you will always be regular. You serve it straight from the packet, with milk or cream. No cooking necessary. All grocers sell it.

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Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

The Natural Laxative Food 531

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MADE ONLY FROM FRESH FRUIT AND SUGAR

Two reasons why you cannot buy a better preserve than

ROBERTSON'S BRAMBLE SEEDLESS

1 LB JAR 7½ 2 LB JAR 1'2

Willing

Changeable weather gets at your throat but Allenburys Pastilles allay irritation keeping the throat clear and the voice sweet and resonant.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8° & 1'3

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(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS) JS 2-71-65

LORETTA THE LOVE-LORN
ADVICE TO LOVELORN
QUESTION: I am terribly in love but he makes only three ten a week. If I marry I'll probably have to break my back over a wash tub. What shall I do?
ANSWER: If you love him marry him!
BUT IF I MARRY HIM, I'LL BE A REGULAR SCRUBWOMAN!
NONSENSE WASHING ISN'T DRUDGERY WITH "NO-SCRUB" OXYDOL COME ON I'LL SHOW YOU
THE TEST IN FRIENDS SCULLERY
IT'S TRUE! ONLY 2 MINUTES IN SUCH A LITTLE OXYDOL YET THESE WET SHEETS LOOK SHADES WHITER!
AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR HANDS OR "COLOUREDS". SEE I'VE WASHED THIS PRINT DRESS SCORES OF TIMES IN OXYDOL AND IT'S FRESH AND BRIGHT AS NEW.
THERE LORETTA - NOT MUCH DRUDGERY IN THAT WASH! OXYDOL DID IT FOR YOU AND GOT IT SNOWY WHITE!
I'M SO GRATEFUL MADGE. THIS PROOF THAT OXYDOL DOES THE WORK LETS ME GO FOR MARRIAGE WITHOUT FEAR OF WASHDAY!
MONTHS LATER... HAPPILY MARRIED
WHY, I ALWAYS THOUGHT BRIDES LOOKED TIRED ON WASHDAY AND HAD RED, SORE HANDS
NOT THIS BRIDE! I WASH WITH OXYDOL IN THE MODERN "NO-SCRUB" WAY DARLING, AND DON'T RUIN MY HANDS.
SAY OXYDOL OLD CHAP YOU'VE MADE ME SNOWY WHITE AGAIN
OXYDOL
THE NEW SAFE 'NO-SCRUB' SOAP
Large Economy Package 6d. Medium Size 3½d. Giant Super-Value Package 1/-
MULTIPLIES ITSELF 500 TIMES IN LATHER
WASHING UP GREASE DISAPPEARS IN A FLASH WITH OXYDOL
Made by Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd., Newcastle and Manchester

DARK DAYS FOR 'Sparks'

JUST after two British passenger ships had put to sea a few days ago, with full cargoes of human lives, a JOHN BULL representative had an illuminating telephone conversation with the Board of Trade.

Naming two of the twenty largest British passenger ships afloat, he said: "I have indisputable information that they have just put to sea without their proper complement of wireless operators."

The answer of the Board of Trade official was decisive.

"It would be impossible," he said. "I should describe it as unthinkable. We require big boats like that to carry three wireless operators, which we regard as essential to their safety. That being so, we would not think of letting them go with fewer.

"What is more, it seems incredible to me that Customs would clear a ship without her full Board of Trade complement."

And that, for the moment, was that.

Some time later we returned to the challenge.

We had learned in the meantime that the two companies concerned had made every effort to get proper complements of operators, but had failed.

We told the Board of Trade that according to our latest information each liner had sailed with two wireless operators only, which means twelve hours' duty a day for each of them by day and night the whole week round.

You have to realise how crushing are the responsibilities of a wireless operator on a big liner, how imperative it is that he shall maintain unwinking vigilance, to know what that means.

The official replied: "It seems extraordinary. A complement is a complement. Anyhow, if you will be good enough to ring me again in the course of an hour I will tell you the result of my enquiries."

HE was telephoned an hour later as requested, but now he was an official who could make no departure from a bare official statement.

That statement was: "The Board admits that under unprecedented circumstances it has permitted certain passenger ships to leave British ports without their proper complements of wireless operators, and hopes that the need for those emergency measures is a temporary one."

We asked whether one of the liners involved was a ship not equipped with the auto-alarm, that new development of wireless which can enable the operator to be called up without sitting in feverish concentration for twelve hours each day.

No addition could be made to the official admission. But was more wanted?

On the one hand, we had the official admission that for a ship to sail without its proper wireless complement would be "impossible . . . unthinkable," and on the other hand, we had the confession that the Board of Trade was permitting such unthinkable things to happen.

And so that the country will see how truly "unthinkable" this scandal is, we are going to give the full facts behind it.

Those facts will make it clear that it is the scandalously low wages that are being offered to wireless operators that are responsible for ships being undermanned.

They will, we hope, rouse the authorities to the realisation that wireless operators have to-day become as essential to the safe handling of a modern liner as are the navigating officers themselves, but that they are being paid less than a dock labourer's wages for their highly responsible and sometimes hazardous work.

Now, "Sparks"—as the wireless operator has been known since those early days when his set made a noise like a frying-pan—is becoming a very important person.

He is taking wireless bearings that enable a great ocean greyhound to thread its way through the rocks in safety when his captain may be acting the social lion in the ship's ballroom. More and more, as time goes on, navigational duties are falling to the man on duty in the wireless cabin.

Always he must be turning from his service messages to broadcast urgent Admiralty information on which the lives of thousands of seamen may depend. Often the coastguards use him as a human lighthouse to flash out warning messages to some vessel in danger.

No wonder "Sparks" is known as "Officer" when serving in ships and aircraft.

"I had a dance with the Wireless Officer," says the girl who has been on a cruise. "He looked so wonderful in his uniform—quite the handsomest officer on board."

But he is not exactly an ornament.

HE must enter every message on a yard-square form; fill in full details as to time, words, land station charges, ship's fees and cable costs. Working out the ultimate cost of a message will often be a task that would puzzle an accountant.

He has his log-book to maintain. He has to keep his call signs up to date—and the Berne Convention has already issued a few thousands. He will never have an idle moment in his tedious watches.

He has times of extreme perplexity in some ships. He daren't refuse to obey an order of the captain—yet how often "Sparks" is asked to get the racing results, find out the position of a particular team in the football tables, and bring in unimportant news messages when there has been more important work for his apparatus.

Sometimes a wireless operator has been ordered to help in sending football results from ship to ship. All the operator can do is to tell his trade union. That organisation has put some flagrant cases before the Board of Trade.

But, despite his title of Officer, there is nothing officerish about his pay. Seven pounds *a month* upwards is what the ship's wireless officers draw. In a ship of less than 8,000 tons they earn from £12 to £14 a month. In a ship of just under 8,000 tons—and ships of such size only number twenty or thirty—they earn from approximately £13 to £18 a month.

Wages of £20 a month are extremely rare, and such men as there are earning a salary of that size live in constant fear that they will be paid off a big ship to find themselves detailed to a 7,000-tonner, with a thumping fall in pay in consequence.

It is nearly as bad for many wireless officers whose duties lie in the air.

They must take their share of night- and day-flying duties. They must be able to repair their intricate apparatus in the air. Two-and-half-years of specialised training goes to the making of one of them.

There are many of them working for British companies who have to face the hazards of crossing the ocean by night, who get a mere £4 10s. a week.

We say it is shabby treatment for men who—and it is true of wireless operators serving on the sea or in the air—have had spent on them by their parents £150 to £200 for the special training they have needed after the expenses of their general education have been paid.

The rewards are disgracefully low. That is the reason why the huge surplus of wireless operators of a few years ago has now turned into a shortage.

They pay him so little, then wonder at the shortage!

FEWER recruits of the right type are coming forward every year. In fact, there is grave anxiety as to what the position will be in a few years' time.

We have the Postmaster-General making "a special appeal to the Union of Post Office Workers to arrange plans for training young workers."

That was announced last week.

And now the scandal of liners setting out to sea undermanned in that highly important department—the wireless cabin.

The two companies we mention are not to blame. They are not responsible for the rates paid. In fact, the two men in charge of the wireless installations of each are dividing the salaries that would have been paid to third men if they could have been found.

The point is that no profession need fear a shortage of recruits for long if the rewards are adequate.

But the wages of "Sparks" are not enough. As far as thousands of them employed in ships and aircraft are concerned, the rewards are disgraceful.

Brandy...
MABELL
...has
SO MANY USES
With a bottle in the cupboard you've a cellar in the house!

The REAL TRUTH about food values

Authorities on nutrition, all over the world, are unanimously agreed that physical energy is most abundantly provided by those foods which contain a large percentage of carbohydrates.

THE BEST, MOST CONVENIENT AND MOST ECONOMICAL CARBOHYDRATE FOOD IS BREAD . . .

The energy value of any food is calculated in *Calories*. Read what these famous scientists say :

"For a given sum, one obtains a a larger number of Calories from bread than from any other food."
HUTCHISON & MOTTRAM

"As two-thirds of human energy is derived from carbohydrate, not without warrant is bread regarded as the staff of life."
GRAHAM LUSK

Whatever else you eat be sure you

EAT PLENTY OF

BREAD

FOR

ENERGY

C.F.H. 276

DRAGES

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SEND COUPON FOR EASTER GIFT FOLDER—FREE

FREE *Post in unsealed ½d.-stamped envelope. Please send me a Free copy of the Easter Gift Folder and Illustrated Brochure of Groups and Suites, together with the book, "You and Your Home," written by Jane and John.*

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Address.....

J.B. 13.3 .....

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Oh over old wallpaper

Give your rooms new colours overnight. Maisone does it, beautifully, cleanly, lastingly—at smallest cost. Maisone colours are modern and lovely, have unusual hiding power, cover in two coats, go over old wallpaper (if "tight"), are washable and won't rub off, resist mildew. Just thin with cold water. 7-lb. finishes (2 coats) a 12'×9' room

OIL-BOUND WASHABLE

MAISONE

WATER PAINT for WALLS

Decorators use it. Dealers sell it.

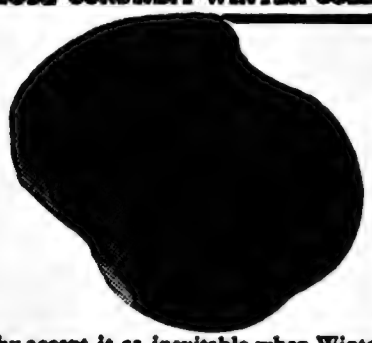
'Minor' 1/-, 4-lb tin 2/3, 7-lb tin 3/9

These prices do not apply in the I.F.S.

FREE Fascinating book of modern colour schemes—how to choose the right colours for each room—and painted specimens of all Maisone colours, sent free on receipt of postcard with your name and address. Lewis Berger & Sons, Ltd., Dept. G.S., Homerton, London E.9

BERGER PAINTS

HE'S SHIELDED AGAINST THOSE CONSTANT WINTER COLDS



Why accept it as inevitable when Winter comes, cold after cold is to be your lot? That continual sniff . . . that constant cold in the head . . . that stuffed-up feeling . . . making life a misery should not be tolerated.

It's dangerous to neglect CATARRH . . . it is spelling for trouble later . . . deafness, head noises, loss of smell—*and worse.*

End this continous catarrh with Potter's Catarrh Pastilles. They instantly melt the phlegm, clear head and throat, and act as a powerful antiseptic (vital when travelling in trains, tubes, 'buses, trams or where infection is present).

★ INSTANT RELIEF for NASAL CATARRH, THROAT COUGHS & COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER, etc., etc.

Read This Testimonial

R.S., Dullinger Road, S.E.12. "I wish to thank you for your Catarrh Pastilles. They are really splendid when cold in the head threatens."

Buy a handy 1/3 tin at any chemists, stores or herbalist's, or 1/4½ post free from makers.

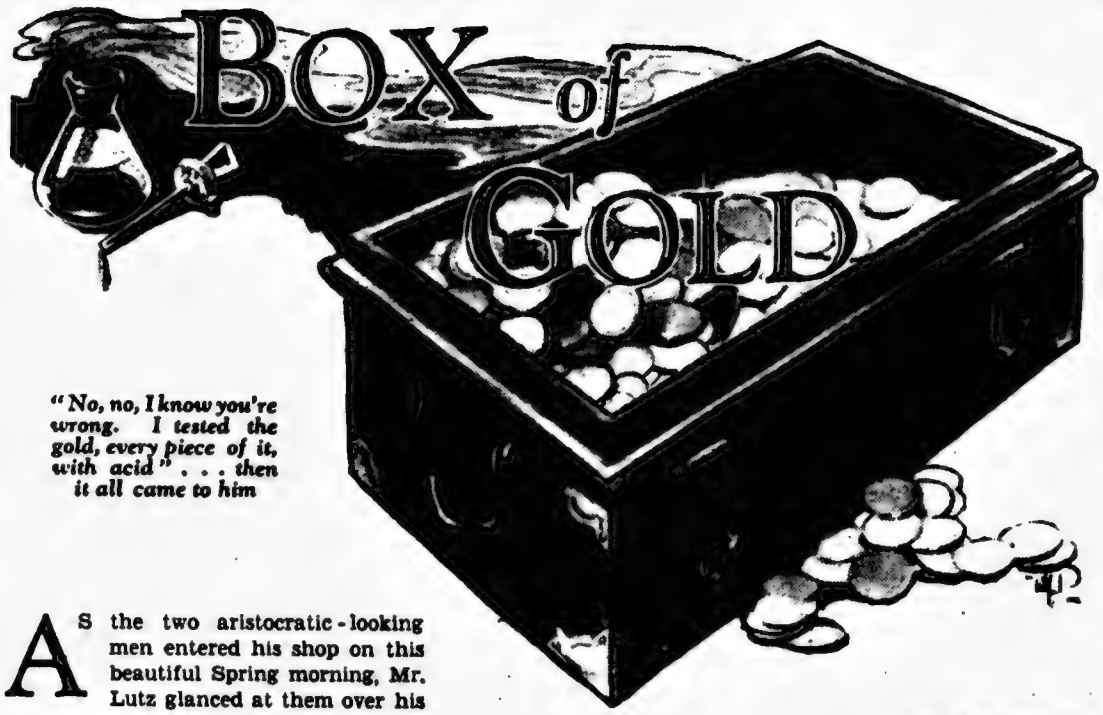
POTTER & CLARKE LTD

81s, ARTILLERY LANE, LONDON, E.1.

(*Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure*)

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

BOX of GOLD



"No, no, I know you're wrong. I tested the gold, every piece of it, with acid" . . . then it all came to him

'My Big Story'

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 94,667, Mr. Anton Lutz, 1, Merton Parade, Wimbledon, London.

As the two aristocratic-looking men entered his shop on this beautiful Spring morning, Mr. Lutz glanced at them over his spectacles with more than usual interest. They were his first customers of the day, and judging from the expensive car in which they had come, he imagined that they would be good.

"Good morning," the elder of the two said. "My friend and myself have been referred to you by a Mr. Goldberg. He tells us that you buy gold at the best prices."

"That is right," Mr. Lutz said. "But which Mr. Goldberg are you referring to?"

"We met him at a party in Mayfair," the speaker returned. "You see we have only recently arrived in London from Paris, and we know few people in this country. Mr. Goldberg was just a casual acquaintance."

Taking from his pocket some plain gold discs, a little larger than a sovereign, he then went on to say that in the safe of the hotel where he was staying he had a box full of them.

"You see," he explained, "we are anxious to dispose of our gold as soon as possible. The reason is, we have to journey on to the United States.

"We have estimated the value of it to be something between £1,200 and £1,300. If you are interested perhaps you could call round in the morning and test it at our hotel. What time would suit you best?"

"My brother usually gets here about eleven," Mr. Lutz replied. "I could leave here then. By the way, where is your hotel?"

"Russell Square," the man told him. "Shall we say—let me see—noon? Would that suit you?"

"Yes, fine. By the way," Mr. Lutz proceeded as he wondered how such a large amount of gold came to be in the men's possession, "we are obliged to ask how you got possession of the gold." He paused and smiled. "You understand, it's merely a formality."

The men exchanged glances.

"The fact of the matter is," the man said, "my friend here happens to be a prince. Owing to a revolution in his country, he has been exiled. The gold is part of the treasure his friends managed to smuggle out of the country before the final issue of the rebellion was decided. Owing to a great danger he is in over here, though, we are unable to tell you his real name. If you cannot take the gold unless you do know his name, then I'm afraid that we shall have to call the deal off."

"Oh, that's quite all right," Mr. Lutz smiled.

"Very well, then," the man returned, shaking the jeweller's hand, "we will make it noon. Here's the address," he added, handing him a card.

When the men were gone, Mr. Lutz rang up his two brothers who had an interest in his business, and it was decided that they should buy the gold.

The following morning, Mr. Lutz went to his bank and drew £1,300 in notes, after which he proceeded to Russell Square, where he was met by the men in the hotel lounge. After greeting him effusively, they invited him to their spacious apartment on the second floor.

In there, Mr. Lutz unpacked his bag and prepared the nitric acid with which he intended testing the gold. When he had put a container of this on a table in the middle of the room, the Prince took a large diamond from a case and asked the jeweller if he would be good enough to give him a rough idea of its value.

"I do not," he said, "intend selling it at the moment. The reason I ask you to look at it is because two or three experts to whom I have shown it disagree in some measure as to its value."

Taking the stone to the window, Mr. Lutz proceeded to examine it. It was a magnificent stone.

"Well," he said, returning to the Prince later, "I should say it's worth between £320 and £340. But I should have to weigh it before I could give you an accurate valuation."

"That's what I thought," the man with the Prince said.

With some difficulty the box of gold was then put on the table, and for some time afterwards Mr. Lutz occupied himself testing the coins.

This done, he proceeded to weigh them. While this was in progress, the Prince and his companion looked out of the window at the teeming traffic in the street below.

"What were you asking for this?" Mr. Lutz asked when he had finished his task.

"Thirteen hundred pounds," the Prince replied.

The jeweller smiled.

"I'm afraid I can't go as high as that," he said.

Followed a debate on the price. During this Mr. Lutz showed the two men his figures and ultimately the price of £1,200 was agreed upon.

When he had paid the man, a porter was sent to carry the box of coins on to a waiting taxicab.

Outside in the sunlight later, Mr. Lutz looked very pleased with himself. He had, he felt, done the best stroke of business for months. In the taxi he whistled the tune of a popular waltz, after which he reflected pleasantly on the future. When he arrived at his shop, his brother greeted him warmly.

"I'm glad you've come," he said, sighing relief. "We've been terribly worried about you. After you'd gone, it struck me that the men might have lured you to their place to rob you. It's rather risky these days to carry so much money with you."

"Now I come to think of it," the other commented, "it was rather." He paused and sighed. "Well, everything is all right." Bending down he dragged the box to the edge of the taxi. Then with his brother's help, he carried it into the shop.

"Is it full?" his brother asked as they put the box down.

"To the brim." He looked at his brother's face, which now wore a startled expression, puzzledly. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Are you sure it's full?"

"Of course . . . Why?"

"Then it can't be gold. You ought to know that a box this size full of gold would be all we could lift, never mind carry."

When the realisation of this was fully apparent, Mr. Lutz went white. For a moment he stood gaping at his brother. The expression on his face was like that of a man who has just learned that he is ruined.

"No, no," he whimpered. "You're wrong. I know you're wrong. I tested it—tested it with the acid." Then with a frantic effort he opened the box. Grabbing a handful of coins, he ran behind the counter to a room at the back.

When he was gone, his brother glared sceptically at the bright coins that glittered in the beam of sunlight that penetrated the window. A moment later he was startled by a cry from the back of the shop.

Getting an assistant to look after the box, he ran to the room where Mr. Lutz had gone. There he beheld his brother sitting in a chair looking stupefied.

"What's the matter?" he asked anxiously.

"Matter—why—we're ruined. The stuff in the box is——" He broke off here and held his head in his arms. "It's faked."

"But you said you tested it," the other said.

"So I did." He looked thoughtfully to the floor. "Every piece of it." Jumping up from his chair he ran into the shop and grabbed his bag. Hurriedly withdrawing the container in which the acid had been, he put it to his nose and sniffed it. As he did so a wave of enlightenment passed over his features.

"Ammonia," he whispered. Then it all came to him. The men had put the ammonia into the acid while he had examined the diamond by the window. The ammonia, being an alkali, had neutralised the acid and made it no more effective on the metal than water.

MIN CREAM

For all highly polished surfaces

Tins 6d. & 1/-

The appearance of your glazed tile fireplace can be greatly improved by the use of 'Min'—the cream that gives such a sparkling polish. Try 'Min' also for your Furniture and for cleaning and polishing enamel paint.

CRISWICK PRODUCTS, LTD., LONDON, W.4. H.B.35

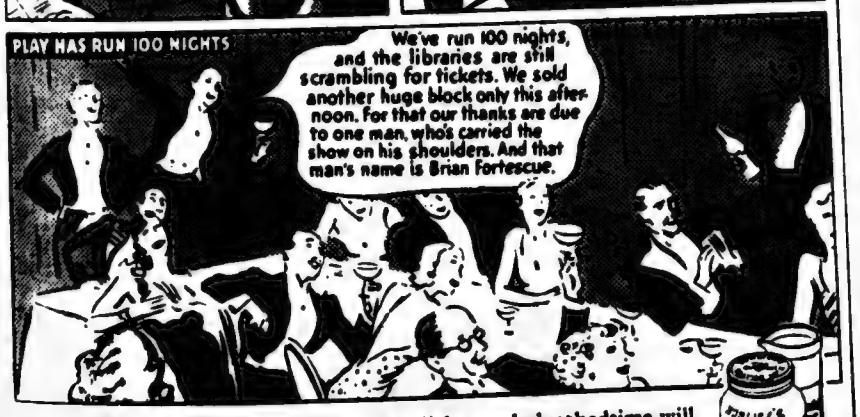
FALLING STAR?

Everything seemed in favour of the play. The first night had been the success of the season. Then, slowly, Brian Fortescue began to crack up. Audiences dwindled—the play seemed doomed . . .

There's Mr. Fortescue's crowd of hysterical admirers—all two of them. I hope you can keep 'em from mobbing him.
It beats me. When the show started last month half the West End was jammed round your stage door.
Fortescue, I'm not going to mince my words. Your acting's gone all to blazes—you're lifeless and you're flat. No wonder the public stays away.
Oh, let me alone. I'm tired, I tell you, tired. I'm even tired when I wake up.

Paper, Mr. Fortescue?
FULL STORY
PRIVATE LIFE OF A FILM DIRECTOR
What an amazing coincidence. Why this might be me. Why didn't I think of Night Starvation?
HORLICKS

Joseph, you are to get a bottle of this Horlicks. In future, prepare me a hot cup immediately I get back from the theatre. Do this until further orders.
Very good, Mr. Fortescue.
SIX WEEKS LATER
I say boys, have you noticed how Fortescue's perked up. He's struck his old form. He's electric.
You've said it, Freddie. This show's got its second wind. I've a hunch it's going to run.


PLAY HAS RUN 100 NIGHTS
We've run 100 nights, and the libraries are still scrambling for tickets. We sold another huge block only this afternoon. For that our thanks are due to one man, who's carried the show on his shoulders. And that man's name is Brian Fortescue.
HORLICK'S

ALL the world's a stage, where each of us must play a part. How can we—if we're depressed, muddled, waking up tired, doing nothing to replace the energy used up during sleep, Night Starved, in fact?

Horlicks, regularly at bedtime, will create the new energy you need. Horlicks makes sure you are fresh, ready to play your part in life. It guards against Night Starvation. Plain or Chocolate-flavoured, prices from 2/-. Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

This means you sleep soundly, wake refreshed, and have extra energy all day.

Judging by the number of chins smoothed daily, the world's champion chin-smoother today is still Palmolive Shaving Cream — holding the title firmly against all comers! Here are five reasons why Palmolive retains its phenomenal popularity.

1 **Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.**
2 **Softens the beard in one minute.**
3 **Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.**
4 **Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.**
5 **Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.**

Trust Snowfire Tablet to heal chapped hands overnight

3d. Family Size 7½d.
Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.

STUBBORN ACNE CLEARED AWAY BY D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

Although Acne is not dangerous or painful, it is most unpleasant and embarrassing. The ugly disfiguring blotches are a terrible handicap in social or business life, and a severe attack may even leave permanent scars.

If you are worried by this blemishing disease, be advised by the experience of Mr. Arthur J. Bake, of 14, College Gardens, Brighton, who writes us as follows:—

"I felt I must write and tell you what a wonderful thing your D.D.D. Prescription is. I have been suffering for years with Acne on the face. Recently I thought I would try D.D.D. Prescription. I cannot speak too highly of the results obtained, and I can honestly say that my skin is now very much clearer than it has ever been. I have used only D.D.D. Prescription and D.D.D. Soap. The results are too wonderful for words. I can completely recommend your D.D.D. Prescription to any skin sufferer. May D.D.D. Prescription continue to be the boon it is for so little cash."

Victims of Acne and other skin diseases will find D.D.D. Brand Prescription the perfect remedy. The first few drops soothe away the pain and itching, and a very short treatment brings complete cure, even with such stubborn troubles as Eczema, Dermatitis, and Psoriasis. Try a bottle to-day (1/3 from all chemists) or write to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.13, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4, for a free sample bottle.

Easter Free Gift Offers

SCORES of delightful gifts, such as those illustrated in the Drage announcement on p. 31, are being presented to "John Bull" readers with orders placed between now and Easter. Fill in the Coupon at once for special folder illustrating these Easter Gifts and particulars of their furnishing offers!

RHEUMATISM NEEDLESS SUFFERING.

"Urace brand tablets have been taken consistently by a person suffering from Arthritis and very beneficial results have been obtained when other treatment had failed to give relief."—Nurse ——, Goodmayes, Essex. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 93m, Banner St., London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

COUGH?
I felt instant RELIEF after the first two doses

Writes H. F. C., Southgate

"I caught a bad cold a month ago and coughed so badly that I kept on waking up during the night. By a chance a friend recommended me Famel Syrup. I immediately took a spoonful of this Syrup in half a glass of hot milk, and that very evening after two doses I felt instant relief and had the feeling that my cough and my cold would not go any further. At the end of two days I was perfectly well and I did not even have to stay away from work."

This letter like thousands of others is an example of how Famel Syrup not only gives immediate relief but positively ends chest and lung affections. The most stubborn and long standing cough, catarrh and bronchial weakness vanish "like magic"—to quote a grateful user's expression.

Famel Syrup gets down to the cause of the trouble because it utilises one of the greatest natural curative agents known to medical science. This formerly could only be inhaled, but now, thanks to research in the famous Famel laboratories, it is presented in a pure, safe soluble form as Soluble Lactocreosote, the most effective bronchial antiseptic ever known. It is readily absorbed into the blood-stream, there to do its work immediately and effectively.

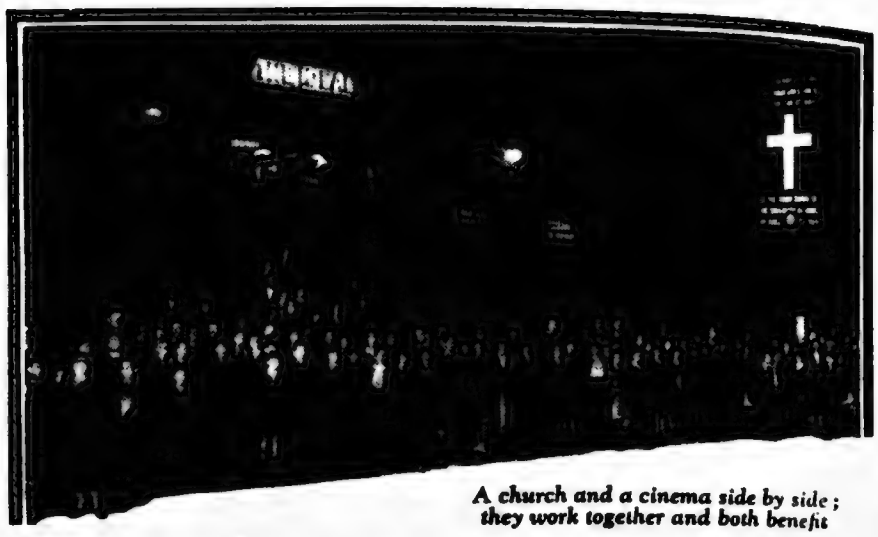
At the slightest hint of a cough a dose or two of Famel will put you right and prevent it from developing into more acute trouble. Buy a bottle today at your chemists—always keep it in the house.

Famel Syrup

GOES TO THE ROOT OF YOUR COUGH

1/6 and 3/- *(triple quantity)* from all Chemists

Distributors: Wilcox, Jozeau & Co., Ltd., North Circular Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2



A church and a cinema side by side; they work together and both benefit

FILM FANS *Flock to* CHURCH

FIFTY years ago little John and Mary, dressed in their Sunday best, with Bible in hand, went off sedately to church. It was a solemn occasion and they were suitably awed.

But children in 1937 talk instead about "going to the pictures." They don't mean the local cinema either. It is just their way of saying they are going to church.

For there is a big change taking place in the churches, and films are bringing it about.

Within the last two years two hundred and fifty churches of all denominations have started to use films—talkies mostly, but sometimes silent pictures—as a permanent feature of their services.

In almost every case big increases in congregations have followed.

Film services have the full approval of the Church authorities. The Cinema Christian Council, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury is president, has been formed specially to encourage their use.

But they are handicapped because religious films are not being made in sufficient quantities. Commercial studios are not producing them.

Because of the shortage the Council authorises the use of secular films provided they are clean and wholesome and have a good moral tone.

Such films as "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" have its approval.

One of the pioneer churches to use films is the Methodist Chapel in Lambeth Road, London—not far from the spot where John Wesley opened his first chapel.

Here films have been shown every Sunday night for some years. When the Rev. Thomas Tiplady began this experiment the church was practically empty. Now it is always full and it holds a thousand.

Service begins at seven o'clock. Long before six a queue begins to form and every Sunday people have to be turned away.

The district is a poor one. So to pay for the Sunday films it is run as an ordinary cinema during the week—called "The Ideal."

Next door is the "Little Ideal," a cinema church for children. This also has its service in the evening and is crowded out.

The children are wild with enthusiasm. Some of them begin to queue up at four o'clock, when they come out of Sunday school, and refuse to go home for tea so as to be sure of a good seat.

By six o'clock about a thousand children have gathered—boys on one side of the gate, girls on the other. They are quiet and well-behaved up till 6.30, when the doors are opened.

Then those controlling the queue have their work cut out to keep order. I saw some of the children fighting to get in (writes a JOHN BULL representative). They knew, you see, that three hundred of them would be turned away.

Even when the service was half over those left outside still waited about. And every now and then they rushed the bolted doors and rattled them till the sound could be heard all over the building.

A few Sundays ago a little girl of eight, in charge of a small brother and sister, was among the unlucky ones. Firmly she was told there was no more room.

As she walked away, obviously very miserable, one of the other girls said to Mr. Bradbrook, who conducts the service, "Now see what you've done. Annie's mother is dying and she was told to bring the two kids here to get them out of the way."

Of course, he ran after Annie and brought her back.

Children pay a penny for admission. This covers the cost of hiring the film and showing it. Inside excitement runs high.

Before the service began I talked to some of them—as well as I could above the babel of voices.

One little boy said, "I've been coming seven years. I was four when it started, and now I'm eleven."

The children sing hymns, the words of which are thrown on the screen. And the simple Scripture stories they are told are illustrated by coloured slides.

"Guy Fawkes," "Livingstone," Baby Peggy in "Family Secrets," and other films, Rin-Tin-Tin, the dog star, Jackie Cooper, and Cowboy films are the type shown.

There is another cinema church for children at Derby, run in connection with the Victoria Street Congregational Church.

It has been a great success. Mr. Sydney J. Bond, who runs it, says:

"It's marvellous what the films have done for the children. So far we only show during the winter months—end of August to end of April.

"Parents have become so interested in our cinema service that they asked if they could come too, and we have now started a similar service for grown-ups beginning about 8.15, after the children's service is over.

"Our talkie apparatus cost £105. Two other members of the church and myself put down the money to buy it, and this is being repaid by the twenty young men and women who help me with the service.

"They bring 6d. or 1s. a week each. The children bring pennies or half-pennies, and this pays for renting the films.

"Cost varies according to the programme, but about 15s. is an average figure for us.

"During the service we have a procession of the choir—eighteen boys and girls in white surplices. This appeals to the children very much.

"Music for the procession is supplied by a gramophone record amplified through the talkie apparatus. Bible lessons are given in the same way.

"Children like something dramatic—something that grips. They like Cowboy films and films featuring children and animals. Jungle stories are also popular."

Mr. Bond is of the opinion that films as a regular part of church services must come. It is only a question of time, he thinks.

The Rev. Stanley Edwards, secretary of the Religious Film Society, is of the same opinion.

"There are some people who do not approve of using films in churches," he said. "Naturally, the kind of film is all-important.

"But all forms of art have been used for religious purposes—music, painting, sculpture, architecture. Why not the cinema?

"I have churchpeople from thirty-six countries writing to me asking for religious films. One man wrote from the back blocks of Victoria saying, 'Can't you let us have talkies giving us some of the music of the famous churches in the Old Country?'"

The Religious Film Society has at the moment only about a dozen films available, but they are making more as fast as they can. Half of these are talkie and half silent.

Most of the churches give the film programme after the service. But worship films are also available for use *during* the service. These include hymns, prayers and readings.

Words are shown on the screen, sometimes with a movie background which illustrates them, sometimes without. But the Lord's Prayer never has a background.

To encourage the use of films the Religious Film Society has offered to give a free programme to 2,000 churches. They have been inundated with requests from all over England.

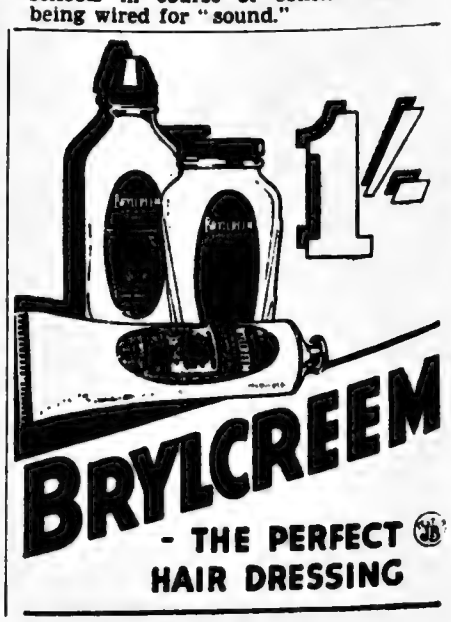
So great is the demand for the few religious films available that already every film with any possible bearing on Easter was booked up for this year early last autumn. So far no Christmas films have been made, but they will be done in the near future.

Use of films almost always results in large increases in the congregations. In one East End church a "Harvest Festival Film Service" was announced in the ordinary way.

Usually they could expect about fifty people. Five hundred turned up for the film service. Ten times is about the usual increase when films are used.

Most churches use sixteen millimetre non-flam films. Then no licence is needed.

So important is this new development in religious work that new Sunday schools in course of construction are being wired for "sound."



BUT HE DOES HAVE BAD BREATH!
I KNOW JIM HAS BAD BREATH—BUT YOU WERE A BAD, BAD GIRL TO SAY IT RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM!
MEANWHILE...
MAYBE THE CHILD'S RIGHT.... I THINK I'LL DO WHAT THE ADVERTS SAY AND SEE MY DENTIST.
JIM'S DENTIST TELLS HIM—
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
3 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S—
NO OTHER TOOTH-PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE A NICE NEW UNCLE, BETTY!
I KNOW...UNCLE JIM! HOORAY, THAT'S SPLENDID!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause — the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and all around the tongue.

And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently, yet thoroughly, cleans and brightens the enamel — makes teeth sparkle — gives new brilliance to your smile!

TWO SIZES 6d & 1/-

JB

Not one Cold
in four months—since taking
IRON 'JELLOIDS'

Jan. 17th, 1937

"Dear Sirs,
I feel it a duty as well as a great pleasure to write to you regarding your famous Iron 'Jelloids'. BEING SUBJECT TO COLDS I decided to give Iron 'Jelloids' a trial and since I have taken them THIS LAST FOUR MONTHS I HAVE NOT HAD ONE COLD." (Mr.)——

What about YOU? Are you 'RE-ARMED' against colds and flu? Are YOU building-up the iron-resistance against attack that IRON 'JELLOIDS' alone can give you?

The best way to re-inforce your resistance against Colds and Flu or to ensure quick recovery after an attack is to *start taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' with your next meal*—and take them *regularly*.

There are no half-measures about IRON 'JELLOIDS'. They do the job *thoroughly*. They raise your whole system to a new high level of vigorous health. And every drop of blood, every organ, nerve and tissue in your body is *re-armed with iron-strength* to resist attack.

Get a large box of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A and start taking them with your next meal. Take at least two boxes.

Iron Jelloids

re-arm you with iron-strength to overcome

Weakness—Exhausted Nerves—Lack of Energy—Liability to Colds—Breathlessness—Palpitation—Heart Pains—Poor Appetite—Weak Digestion—Constipation Headaches — Paleness — Falling Hair Skin Blemishes—Brittle Nails—Pimples

Of all Chemists

3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

For MEN: Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A (with Quinine)
WOMEN: No. 2. CHILDREN: No. 1

COUPON

To the Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd. (Dept. J.7) Watford, Herts.

Please send me your new free booklet "IRON STARVATION, the Thief of Health and Strength." J.B. 13.3.37

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Write in BLOCK *letters and enclose coupon in unsealed envelope under ½d. stamp.*

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

To all sufferers from
Backache & Kidney Trouble

The function of the kidneys is to filter off from the blood the fluid we know as urine. This fluid carries the nitrogenous waste of the system dissolved in it as a substance called urea and other impurities.

If the urinary system is not functioning properly complete elimination of these waste products does not take place, and backache, getting up at night, frequency, rheumatism, burning, smarting and loss of tone are the result.

Cystopurin (sis-toe-pew-rin) has been used for over twenty-five years for urinary troubles, and thousands of sufferers have obtained relief. If you have any of the symptoms mentioned above, you should regard your kidneys with suspicion, and at once get a bottle of Cystopurin (sis-toe-pew-rin) tablets. They are sold only by chemists, price 1/3, 2/- and 5/-.

Recent testimonial from a doctor—

"I have used Cystopurin on a case of chronic cystitis (inflammation of the bladder). I thought I would try your tablets before investigating the patient by cystoscopy. In all, the patient has had 40 tablets, taken over a period of 20 days, and I am glad to say has lost all her symptoms."—M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

CYSTOPURIN
(sis-toe-pew-rin)

Free booklet on application to Cystopurin Dept. J.B.3,
BENATOSAN LIMITED, LOUGHBOROUGH, Leicestershire.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel — and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-

I feel fine NOW!

FENNINGS' CERTAINLY DID WORK WONDERS — They assist the Lungs to throw off all irritating matter arising from Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, etc., and to regain health and vigour.

FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS

70 YEARS REPUTATION — INSIST ON FENNINGS' — SOLD AT 6d., 1/3 AND 3/-

SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" to
ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

Bronchial Cold almost cost young Bobbie's Life!

Bobbie's mother, Mrs. Golland, Asfordby St., Leicester, says: "It was wonderful how Vick eased his breathing, let him sleep, broke the back of the cold. It truly saved a hospital trip—and his life."

The 3-MINUTE VICK MASSAGE Breaks up most colds Overnight

Simply rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on throat and chest, and on the back—between and below the shoulder-blades. Then spread it thick on the chest and cover with warm flannel.

No Waiting—Acts Instantly

The brisk massage starts Vick working through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Even before you finish rubbing, the chest and back feel warm and comfortable as Vick begins to "draw out" tightness, break up congestion.

At the same time, warmed by the body, Vick releases its powerful medicated vapours. Breathed in for hours, 18 times a minute, they clear the air-passages, make breathing easy again.

Relaxed and comfortable, the patient soon sleeps. And Vick's double action keeps on working for hours, breaks up most colds by morning.

Now Improved— WHITE, STAINLESS VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Your eyes should shine

but not your nose

YOU can never feel charming or look smart with a shiny nose! So give your skin a lasting 'matt' finish with Snowfire Powder-Cream and look lovely all day and evening through. You'll save money and time spent on make-up too. There are Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle, and Ivory shades.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire POWDER-CREAM

CONTAINERS AT ... JARS ... TUBES 6/-

Except in I.F.S.

Secret KNIGHTS *Of* CHARITY

LORD NUFFIELD gives away millions cheerfully; at the stroke of a pen he lifts the burden of debts from a hospital or brings happiness in the shape of work to part of a distressed area.

But there are other knights of charity of whom the public seldom hears.

True, their gifts are in no way to be compared with the size of Lord Nuffield's, but they are no less effective on that score since they often relieve some individual need.

These do-good-by-stealth organisations have no headquarters, no staff, make no appeals for funds, have no expenses, and derive the greatest pleasure in maintaining their anonymity.

They are the "fairy godfathers and godmothers" of modern civilisation. Sometimes these humanists cloak their real purpose in an outward show of miserliness.

Most distinguished of the unknowns was "Ferguson's gang." This was a group of public-spirited persons who raised thousands of pounds for the preservation of beauty spots.

Even after a radio appeal for funds Ferguson was still a mystery.

That was for a public purpose, but there are many bands working for the relief of personal suffering.

THEY incluude the "Knights of Gladness," of Shipley, Yorkshire; the "Twelve Disciples of Tonypandy" in Wales; and the "Order of the Moose," in the East End of London.

The "Knights of Gladness" are as elusive as the Four Just Men of Edgar Wallace's famous tale, yet hundreds of old people in straitened circumstances have good cause to bless their works.

A ton of coal delivered unexpectedly to an aged couple too proud to seek charity and too independent to ask for public assistance shows that the knights are at work.

Another sign by which they may be known is the delivery of groceries for the week to a family where the husband is out of work.

Neither the coal merchant nor the grocer can reveal the identity of the donors; neither can anyone in the district tell who hires a fleet of motor-coaches that is to be used to carry old people to London for the Coronation.

The names of the members of the order of the "Knights of Gladness" are unknown. Even signatures on a cheque, drawn on an account that never runs dry, gives no clue to the real identity of a band of men who do good in the dark.

A young man who called at a needy home with a parcel of clothing simply told the mother that he was sent by the "Knights."

In the East End of London a woman visitor calling on a family stricken as the result of a street accident left a letter containing five pound notes—from the "Order of the Moose."

This is a philanthropic body which keeps the secret of its identity despite efforts of charitable organisations to probe it.

There are no officials, no one is ever asked for a subscription, yet it steps in to help when aid from all other sources seems impossible.

Its knowledge of needy cases exceeds that of many organisations, and help always goes to cases where enquiry through the usual channels would take some time.

A disabled ex-Serviceman who with his family was about to be admitted to an institution, was, at the last moment informed by a caller that a considerable sum was at his disposal at the local office of the British Legion.

There was, he found, enough to pay for all the furniture he required, to cover expenses of a good holiday, and a balance to give a small income for three months while he sought employment.

His was a deserving case, so the "Order" set to work, yet the ex-Serviceman to this day does not know the identity of his fairy godmother.

On a somewhat different footing, the "Twelve Disciples of Tonypandy" provide toys for the children of the unemployed in the grim Rhondda Valley, alternating work at the bench with a day at painting and paperhanging in a humble home, even spending a day at the washtub when occasion demands.

THE "Disciples" are young miners, themselves out of work, though like the mystery donor of £50,000 to the neighbouring town of Nelson in Glamorganshire, they like to remain anonymous.

Sums of money that find their way to the performance of good deeds are sometimes as vast as the efforts made are noble.

A quarter of a million pounds not so long since went to the benefit of Scottish education, the giver unknown.

When the work in progress at the People's Palace in Edinburgh was held up for lack of funds a "mystery woman" came forward with £3,000.

The need of money was no sooner made known than money was available, and that is very often the case.

The "Crusaders" is yet another secret body which provides funds for the purpose of helping lame dogs over stiles.

It never canvasses, it boasts neither a known headquarters nor a council nor a president, it cannot be communicated with.

"All-Night Albert," who frequents coffee-stalls and doss-houses in all parts of London, is conceivably a member of the "Order," but he is known by no other name.

He disburses half-crowns in showers and makes gifts of food to the unfortunate, but when morning dawns he disappears.

The "Knights" of Charity go forth as boldly to-day as they did in the time of King Arthur, but for other ends.

Their enemy is poverty, and the maidens in distress are families in need.

The Scout who does his "good turn" every day, the workman pausing on his way home to drop a shilling in a musician's cap, the "mystery" visitor to Brighton who strolls along the promenade occasionally pressing ten-shilling notes into needy hands, are all members of the Order of Chivalry.

There was a miserly landlord in Southfields, London, who lived a lonely bachelor life in a tiny flat, drawing an income in rents which he secretly disbursed.

Then there was the unknown individual who sent postal orders to every family that suffered in a recent mining disaster.

They are, like the "Knights of Gladness" and the "Twelve Disciples of Tonypandy," the real Knights of Chivalry of the Twentieth Century.

The aged person, destitute, suddenly finds herself enriched . . . one of the secret "knights" at work again

MR. P. C. LOFTUS

In our issue of February 20, 1937, under the heading of "Your Millionaire Neighbours," we stated that Mr. P. C. Loftus is reputedly a millionaire, certainly "immensely rich."

We have since learned that Mr. Loftus is of moderate means, living in a house assessed at under £100 a year; he has no London house or flat and acts as his own chauffeur. He is managing director of a small brewery and hotel company, with which he has been associated for over thirty years and from which he derives the greater part of his income.

We regret any inconvenience caused to him by our mis-statement.

'Varnene' the new oil varnish stain gives such a beautiful and durable lustre to ordinary floor boards.

TINS 6d., 1/- and 1/6

From Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, etc.

In Dark Oak and other beautiful shades.
Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4.

V.AO 39

"My Dentist said I was a WONDERFUL ADVERTISEMENT for GIBBS "S.R." TOOTH PASTE"

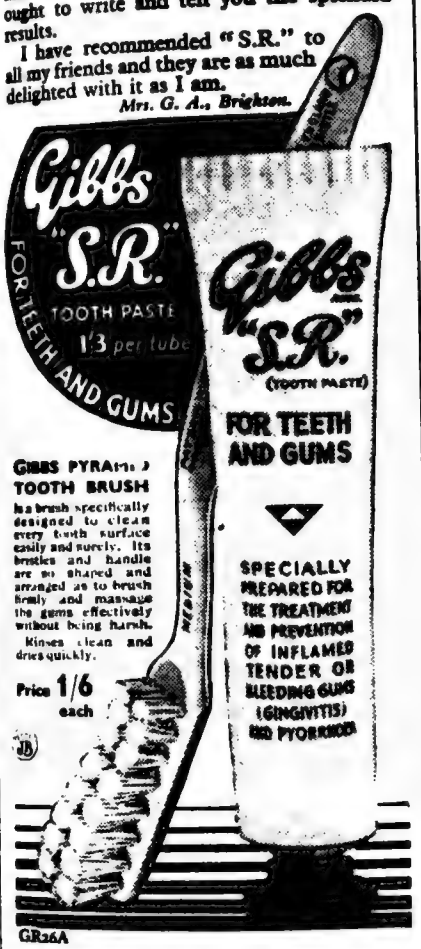
Dear Sirs,

A few months ago I visited my dentist as all my teeth ached and the gums were bleeding badly. He said my gums were receding and in a very poor condition and I should have to have several teeth out. I told him I would wait a month or so before having them out, and after having read your advertisement about "S.R." Tooth Paste I gave it a trial.

Every night and morning I massaged my gums well with it and never missed cleaning my teeth after meals. Last week I plucked up courage to see my Dentist. He was amazed when he saw my teeth—he said the gums were perfectly healthy and there was only one tooth to be extracted. I told him about "S.R." and he said I was a marvellous advertisement for it and I really ought to write and tell you the splendid results.

I have recommended "S.R." to all my friends and they are as much delighted with it as I am.

Mrs. G. A., Brighton.


Gibbs
"S.R."
TOOTH PASTE
1/3 per tube
FOR TEETH AND GUMS
GIBBS PYRAMID TOOTH BRUSH
has brush specifically designed to clean every tooth surface easily and surely. Its bristles and handle are so shaped and arranged as to brush firmly and massage the gums effectively without being harsh.
Rinses clean and dries quickly.
Price 1/6 each
Gibbs "S.R." (TOOTH PASTE)
FOR TEETH AND GUMS
SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THE TREATMENT AND PREVENTION OF INFLAMED TENDER OR BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND PYORRHOEA

GR26A

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories, Carr Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £4:17:6 Terms: 6/6 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

5/2 NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

How to Fix False Teeth

Loose and slipping plates can be made to hold with complete firmness and comfort—all day long—by lightly sprinkling the plates with Dr. Wernet's Powder. It renders the suction perfect so that teeth will not slip or click when you are talking and eating. An unfailing safeguard against embarrassment. Forms a comfort-cushion which relieves pressure and prevents sore gums. Makes teeth feel natural so that you can talk naturally and chew perfectly. Quite harmless and cannot upset the stomach. A scientific triumph. Try it to-day. Of Chemists everywhere.

Great strides!

Just look at him! Eyes bright, cheeks glowing, what a joy to see him so well and strong! But what a worry it was when he wouldn't take milk. Mother tried spreading Nestlé's Milk on a biscuit and calling it 'cream jam.'

Now he can't have enough! Nestlé's Milk comes from the lush, green meadows of England. All the cream and all the goodness, free from contamination. He could have nothing better if he lived on a dairy farm.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

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LARGE SIZE 7½D

SMALL SIZE 4D

The "John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Get Your Free Copy of the BOURNVILLE FREE GIFT BOOK

The makers of Bournville Cocoa have issued a 40-page Book of Gifts (containing a Free Coupon to start your collection) which every reader can obtain free, by filling in the Coupon on page 14. Send for your free copy NOW!

YADIL STOPS COUGHS

A mother writes: "I keep myself and household free from coughs and colds by giving Yadil directly symptoms appear." Yadil conquers coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.; you, too, can be well by taking this famous garlic remedy.

YADIL *Write now for free copy of the new YADIL HEALTH BOOK.*

Safe Internal Antiseptic

1/3 and larger, from Chemists, or direct from YADIL (1935) LTD., DEPT. J.B., SPRINGFIELD, LONDON, E.8.

HERBAL CLEANSING
for
INTERNAL YOUTH

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'BiSoDoL' is a scientific Stomach *Treatment* which will give immediate and lasting relief to those who suffer from indigestion and its attendant troubles. If you suffer from :—

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THE COMPLETE STOMACH TREATMENT

Real Relief
for dry, husky, tickling throats.
VICK'S LOZENGES 6d
TASTE GOOD — DO GOOD

Night-Life Secrets Exposed (continued from page 21)

Truth About DIDDLER MACHINES

Large numbers of gaming machines were destroyed in a recent drive against them, but the racket is nowhere near being stamped out

to a "cocktail party" at an address off Bond Street.

It was a large mansion flat, softly lit, sumptuously furnished. I was received by a manservant and conducted to a small ante-room, where I was greeted by a suave individual who thanked me very warmly for coming along.

After some preliminary chit-chat he led me through a room where a few waiters were standing about. There was a portable cocktail bar rigged up at the end of this room, but no signs of a party to sample them.

Through this room we went to another which was crowded with people, clustered along two tables where baccarat was being played.

Farther on was another room equally crowded, where three small roulette wheels were spinning.

He beckoned to a man coming along the room towards us. "This is Major ——," he said, introducing us. "He'll show you where to get chips."

At this place, I found, there was no table money as in the night club card rooms.

★ The house made money from the 10 per cent. taken by the croupiers from every winning round.

But the profits here must be considerable, in spite of the fact that no charge was made for admission and none for refreshments.

Play ranged from one roulette table where they were betting with 5s. chips to a baccarat table where after midnight I saw more than £1,000 passed across in a single game.

The people were as mixed as the rate of play. At the small tables a third of the players were women, a lot of them of the suburban matron type.

I heard one woman saying almost tearfully to her companion: "What I came here for, I don't know. And what Jack will say if he finds out, I don't know. I've lost £8 and I've barely enough to get home. You'll have to lend me some money."

At the big table one of the players was a man well known in the film trade—a very wealthy man.

But I also saw a young man at that table lose £10 in a single gamble lasting only a few seconds. I saw him later in the ante-room having a free drink before he went home.

"That tenner passed out quicker than it came in," he said with a wry grin. "A whole fortnight's commission . . ." he went on.

I did not ask him what his job or position was. But you can guess his financial status from that remark.

The police can do very little to suppress these gambling houses.

Owing to a flaw in the law—the Gaming Act of 1854—the police can only take action when they can prove that a place is habitually used for gaming.

What constitutes an *habitual* gaming resort is a moot point. So the organisers of the racket simply take furnished flats and large houses for a night or two and then move on to others.

They notify the changed addresses to their clients and to the touts who bring in the casuals.

Hence the term "flit joints."

There are certain West End agents who keep lists of furnished properties which are let out at huge rents (anything between £50 and £200) a night solely for gaming.

If an interval of some months elapses between gambling parties in a particular property it is almost impossible for the police to get a conviction.

Because of this farcical legal position the number of these gambling houses grows and their organisation is a matter of big business.

By Coronation time it is anticipated that more than a hundred will be operating in the West End.

Last year, in spite of the most intensive efforts, the police secured fewer than half a dozen convictions. Penalties in each case were negligible.

But the stupidity of the gambling law reaches its climax in one of the worst rackets of all—the "diddler" machine business.

This business, which has been born almost exclusively out of the night clubs, is now flourishing as never before—thanks to the way the police efforts have been hampered by out-of-date laws.

There have been a dozen different decisions as to the legality of these machines, and varying actions arising from Court decisions.

★ A year ago, in one police raid on a group of clubs, the magistrates ordered the machines to be destroyed.

A few months later, in a similar case, different magistrates imposed fines, but ordered the machines to be returned to their owners.

In America, country of origin of the machines, they are banned absolutely by Federal law. But they are being imported into this country in thousands.

A few months ago a single shipment totalled £60,000 worth. Racketeers have spread this evil mechanical gamble to other places.

Recently the Working Men's Clubs and Institutes Union circularised its members to scrap "diddler" machines which were being installed in these clubs by astute salesmen.

The machines fitted with penny slots instead of the usual 1s. or 2s., were put on on a profit-sharing basis. Club secretaries were persuaded that members could not lose much and the club's funds would benefit from this mild gambling.

As to this "mild gambling," a woman night club proprietor admitted in a recent court case that she had recovered the entire cost of a "penny" machine — £30 — in a little over a week.

In another case a woman was fined for having one of these machines, fitted for halfpennies, in her refreshment rooms.

The clients were children, who were thus taught to gamble for sweets. But even the children's halfpennies are grist to the "diddler" machine proprietors' mill.

There have been at least a hundred gaming machine convictions during the past year, but the racket is nowhere near being stamped out.

★ One or two authorities out of the hundreds in the country stand out from the rest in the war against the "diddler" machines.

Last summer the Dorset police banned the lot throughout that county, in spite of the fact that there were shoals of protests from amusement park proprietors who had installed thousands of pounds worth of machines at resorts like Swanage, Lyme Regis, and Weymouth.

They have taken this stern action, in their own hands, so to speak, in spite of conflicting judgments from the various Benches. So has Lancashire and Yorkshire.

The "diddler" machine organisation for import sales and hiring is now an industry with a combined capital value approaching £250,000.

London's fly-by-night casinos, the little gambling hells which have been grafted on to hundreds of the drinking dens we call night clubs, and the "diddler" machine racket, make a precious trinity of evil.

Parliament two years ago was promising legislation to end all the confusion and muddle in our gambling laws.

Parliament has done nothing. But some definite action cannot be much longer delayed.

For while the gambling rackets are permitted to flourish, all the homilies of the nation's leaders about these serious times are so much pious guff—and all the police clean-up campaigns just an empty farce.

Next Week:
West End Blackmail Rackets

Trail of Fire

THERE is a family in Westmorland that was very proud of its home.

There were three bedrooms, a hall and living rooms that were furnished just as they wanted to be. There was every gadget necessary to make domestic life move as smoothly as clockwork.

Among them was a patent flueless stove that could be moved from room to room for airing purposes.

This story concerns that stove. It begins at the point where the housewife carried it into a front bedroom to air the room.

Suddenly, flames leapt from it, and in an effort to rush it out of the room she overturned it, setting fire to the carpet.

A neighbour threw it down the stairs in an effort to get it into the street by stages. The result of that panic manœuvre was that a bedroom was blazing upstairs, and the passage, lobby and staircase on the ground floor.

In the end, the contents of three bedrooms and the hall, worth some scores of pounds, were destroyed.

How to start building up home life again after so dire a tragedy was the problem that confronted that family. And JOHN BULL solved it.

Because that housewife had shown the foresight of qualifying for the benefits of our unique free family insurance scheme by the simple act of filling up a coupon, we paid for the damage.

We want *you* to enjoy the security that stood that home in such good stead. All you have got to do is to turn to page 20, where a similar coupon appears, and sign it *now*.

She Was In Utter Despair

"For years I was a martyr to anæmia," states Mrs. V. M. Peddle, of 24, Oxford Street, Abertillery, Mon. "I lost all my strength, and always felt exhausted. I was deadly pale, suffered from palpitation, and had frequent dizzy bouts. I had no appetite, could not sleep, and became very nervous and irritable. I endured awful pains in my back.

"At last, when I was in a state of despair, I was advised to try Dr. Williams' pink pills, and soon after commencing them I began to improve. My appetite picked up and I gained strength. I was able to sleep well, the back pains vanished, and before long I was like a new woman."

Those who have tried Dr. Williams' brand pink pills often say that the benefit following their use is almost too wonderful to be believed. Actually the reason is quite simple. It is this: these pills create new, rich blood, which banishes anæmia and strengthens the whole system. Try them now: 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams. They are invaluable for building up the health after influenza.

Professor Polland, famous Austrian dermatologist of Graz University, says . . .

Starvation of the scalp causes FALLING HAIR—

*to check it I prescribe the hair's natural food—***SILVIKRIN**

Silvikrin has been thoroughly tested by medical men, among the most famous being Professor Polland (photographed above). He proved conclusively that Silvikrin not only clears up dandruff and prevents falling hair, but, if the root is still alive, *definitely makes hair grow.* His enthusiastic report is quoted in the booklet with every Silvikrin bottle.

HOW SILVIKRIN ACTS

Dandruff, falling hair and baldness are simply signs that the hair is being starved of its natural food. It was Dr. Weidner's great triumph to discover what this natural food is—fourteen separate organic elements—and to compound them in Nature's exact proportions in Silvikrin. When the blood-stream fails to feed the hair roots, Silvikrin has to be applied externally, with the result that dandruff disappears, hair stops falling out, and in a very short time new hair appears on bald places.

Look up your hair trouble in the table on right—see what you need—get your Silvikrin to-day.

(above) Mr. Ansell, whose hair was checked from falling by Silvikrin. The photograph shows what Silvikrin has done for his hair. Read his letter below.

'My work as an actor imposes a great nervous strain, and this and overwork combined some time ago to affect my hair. It became thin, and fell out to such an extent that I was afraid of becoming bald. To avert this calamity a friend suggested I should try Silvikrin, which had worked wonders for him. It worked wonders for me too; in a very short time my hair stopped falling out and became normal and healthy again—vigorous and glossy. The enclosed photograph shows how well it now is.'

(*Signed*) James Ansell.
97, Weald Sq., E.5.

WHAT YOU NEED: **For dandruff—hair beginning to fall.** To keep the scalp healthy, strengthen the hair and bring out its natural beauty.
Ask for **SILVIKRIN LOTION.**

For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches. To restore healthy new hair growth, use the concentrated natural organic hair food.
Ask for **PURE SILVIKRIN.**

Obtainable from all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

40-G

BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 52

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 52, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square were the following five competitors, who submitted Squares differing at one point only from the most meritorious Set of Answers seen on page 44.

E. Cracide, 12, St. Mary's Street, Northampton.
R. S. Harrold, Albert Street, Kirkwall, Orkney.
L. Saxton, 1, Oakfield Drive, Baildon, Yorks.
T. Tinson, 80, Byron Street, Barwell, Leicester.
E. Williams, 57, Belgrave Road, New Moston, Manchester.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the £850 First Prize, and a cheque for £170 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize, must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, March 16, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No Scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 35 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £2 17s. 2d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 237 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

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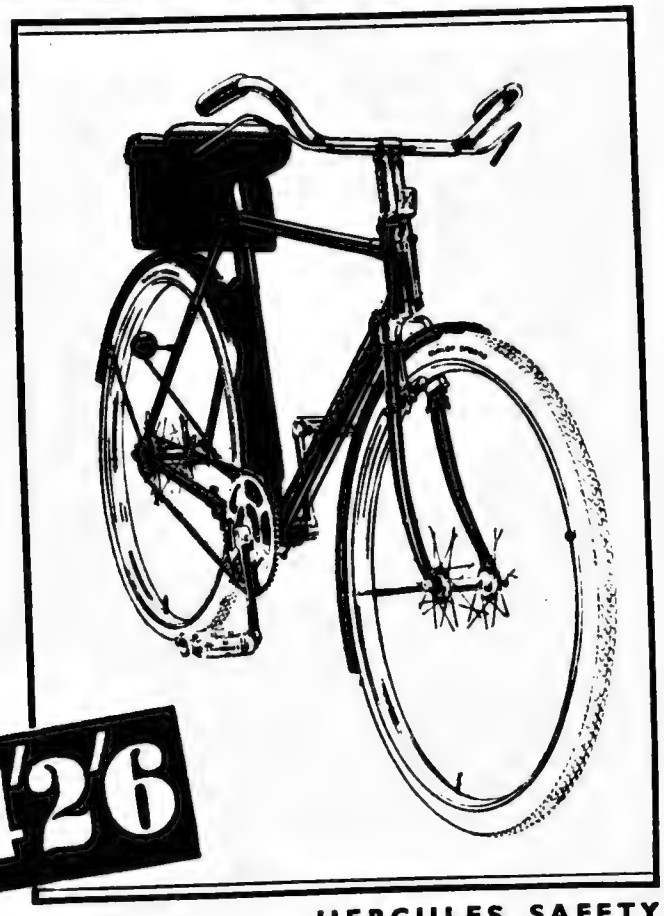
Comparison shows you why



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Hercules specifications and price tell you that here is unbeatable value — made possible only by the world's largest cycle manufacturers. Ask your dealer for the Golden Catalogue.

HERCULES SAFETY MODEL "C"

Here's the safest cycle ever made. Specially low-built frame enables the rider to place both feet firmly on the ground whilst sitting astride the machine, thus giving exceptional confidence, comfort and safety, especially in traffic.

Price **£4.2.6** nett cash or on easy terms. Lady's Safety Model (CA) **£4.5.6**

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The Hercules Cycle & Motor Co. Ltd., Britannia Works, Aston, Birmingham. 27c

Everyman's a Handyman with PLUVEX

A PLUVEX roof will give years of GUARANTEED satisfaction without trouble or cost. You buy PLUVEX all ready to lay—no painting or tarring to be done. Wherever you keep poultry, tools and implements, or wherever you want it warm and dry in the worst of weather you want a PLUVEX roof.

From Ironmongers and Builders' Merchants everywhere. Standard weight 5/6 per roll of 108 sq. ft. Heavy weight 7/6.

A FREE copy of an interesting booklet is waiting for you. It's called "How to make a sound job of a small roof," and contains a hundred-and-one helpful hints. Fill up coupon and post it to-day.

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To THE RUBEROID Co., Ltd., 139, Lincoln House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1
Please send me samples of Pluvex and also a copy of your FREE Book which tells me how I can roof any small building, at little cost.

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Post in ½d. unsealed envelope.

10,000 DOCTORS *recommend this amazing new formula for* CATARRH

Ask your chemist for a bottle to-day with full descriptive leaflet

NEMAKOL Nasal Compound with special applicator 1/6

5,000 HOOVERS TO BE LENT *FREE!*

DON'T overlook the special offer on the Front Cover. For TWO DAYS you can try and test a thorough cleaning Hoover to enable you to spring clean your home without the drudgery of hands and knees behind dustpan and brush. There are no conditions—no payments and NO obligation. To take advantage of this free service, turn to the Front Cover now while you think of it. Fill in and post the Coupon!

HUMAN DOCUMENTS BY PHILIP INMAN

DOUBLE-*Life* WIVES

A QUESTION that always creates controversy is—Should married women go out to work? There are some people who answer, "Certainly—why not?" Others reply with an emphatic "No."

But it can't be dismissed in either of those sweeping ways. It all depends on circumstances. Let us look at some of the cases sent to me. One correspondent writes:

I am a married woman with two children, aged six and four, and my husband is in regular work earning £3 5s. a week. Now that my children are no longer babies, I should like to take up some work, as I have been used to business all my life, and I thought of trying for an agency of some kind.

My home would not suffer, and it would enable me to save a little, for, though my husband is very good, and, as far as his money goes, will deny us nothing, yet we have not been able to put by anything for the future. My husband, however, is very much against the idea on principle, for he says that it is not fair for married women to work while there are so many unemployed.

I would very much like to carry out my plans, but, on the other hand, I hesitate to annoy him. I have therefore decided to act on your kind advice.

The wife and mother who goes out to work from choice cannot run her home properly without putting a great strain on herself, and on the temper of her family

I think it would be unwise for this woman to proceed with her desires. And that for two definite reasons. She tells me that by taking up work her home would not suffer.

That statement surprises me. I should have thought that to look after a husband and two young children was a full-time job.

By taking on some outside work she could not possibly exercise the same supervision as at present. And if she tried to do so, she might become overtired, and that would affect both her health and her temper.

Then the peace and happiness of her home life would be seriously jeopardised. The second reason for my decision is that her husband is opposed to the idea.

By persisting in it this difference of opinion might lead to an open quarrel.

❖❖❖

I can appreciate my correspondent's desire to be able to save something for the future. If she could manage to put by even a shilling or two a week out of her husband's wages she could take out an insurance policy. And that would provide a small nest-egg.

The situation will be eased, of course, when her children are old enough to work, or it may be that her husband can better his position. But as things are at present, this woman should devote herself to her home and her loved ones.

My next letter gives the husband's side of the same problem. This man writes:

We have been married for four years and we have one child, who, except on Sundays, is looked after by my wife's mother. My wife has continued in her old employment, and her income, after deducting sundries and the payment she makes to her mother for looking after the child, amounts to about £1 a week, and she spends this entirely on clothes for herself.

Although I had no capital, I started work about a year ago on my own account as a jobbing builder, and I am glad to say that I have founded a steady and increasing business. I have asked my wife to give up her position, as I feel I need a hot meal when I have finished my day's work. I also would like her companionship and that of our child.

She says that if I want her to do this I must compensate her for the amount she now earns. That is impossible at present, for my earnings would not allow of it. I could pay the rent of our house and allow her about £2 a week. Do you think this is sufficient to keep a family of three?

Now let me deal with the last question first. Two pounds a week is very little to keep a home in these days. Notwithstanding that fact, I think this husband's request to his wife is a very reasonable one.

He is struggling hard to build up a business. And he is entitled not only to the comforts of his home but to the help and companionship of his wife.

It must be very disappointing for him to be denied his child and to have to go without a decent meal when his day's work is over. Many a wife would be glad to sacrifice her personal desires to assist her husband in his ambitions. And when success comes, not only should she share in its benefits but she ought to be proud of the part she has played in it.

It is no use, however, my correspondent insisting upon his wife staying at home if it is going to lead to unpleasantness. And often the best way out of these problems is by compromise. I suggest that these two should reach an amicable agreement.

Let the wife carry on her work for a definite period—say, for six months or a year. By that time the husband may be in a position to increase his housekeeping allowance. And that would remove any reasonable objection she may have to staying at home.

❖❖❖

When I was a lad, a popular music-hall song was "Put a little bit away for a rainy day." That is the thought which underlies these two letters. It is the case with my next correspondent.

My husband and I (says this woman) have always agreed that you give sound advice, and we have taken it before to our advantage. The problem that is worrying me at the moment is this.

My husband and I are in the early forties, and yet we are making no provision for old age or a rainy day. I have tried to reason with him that we ought to economise in some way, but his motto is, "Live for to-day and to-morrow will look after itself." It is not that he spends his money on himself. He is most generous to others and is noted for being good-hearted among his fellow-workers. But as I have often explained to him, he is not too secure in his position, and we really should be more careful.

I have tried to save myself for holidays, etc., but it has not been appreciated. He gets a fairly decent wage and we have no family. I am willing to do my part and think you will agree that we definitely ought to make provision for the future. I shall once again be glad of your opinion.

I can suggest a far better motto than the one this man has chosen. It is this: "Live for to-morrow and to-day will look after itself." Let me quote the words of a great American philosopher:

"A fool is one who has no feeling of the future. He is not a criminal; he is a child. The child wants everything now. He wants to stuff himself with green apples and refuses to consider the consequent gripes."

❖❖❖

I commend those words to this man. It is not necessary to be a pessimist to foresee the dangers he is running.

He may be thrown out of work, illness may come, old age will inevitably creep on.

It is all very well to court popularity by being good-hearted to his fellow-workers. But his first duty is to his wife and his future. He should be just before he is generous. There are so many ways by which provision can be made, such as the purchase of a house.

Most building societies have now a safeguard that should anything happen to the husband the house becomes the property of the wife without further payment. She is left, therefore, with something to fall back upon in the hour of need.

Another method that can be recommended is the purchase of a National Savings Certificate at a definite time—say, once a week, or even once a month. But, put by something he certainly must.

This man pays me the compliment of saying that I give "sound advice." I am convinced that he will never regret following it on this occasion. He can be careful without being mean. And he will enjoy his present life all the more by making reasonable provision for the future.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

BILIOUSNESS

Some forms of stomach trouble are really serious, some are very painful, and some are simply distressing. Biliousness is distressing because it makes you feel no good for anything—work or play, eating or drinking. Miss D. B. Glassco, of Mitcham, endured such misery before she found relief. "For three years," she writes, "I suffered from very bad bilious attacks, until a friend of mine told me about Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Since then I have taken it regularly and been free from these attacks.

"I thought I must write and tell you how grateful I am to Macleans. My friends have asked me what I take, and I have recommended this wonderful cure. Now they take it regularly and feel heaps better for it.

"It not only enables you to enjoy your food without fear of suffering afterwards, but it gives you a new vitality."

To be able to say good-bye to your stomach trouble is a tonic in itself. Don't put up with pain any longer. Get a bottle of the original MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder and you will be on the high road to complete recovery and new vitality. You can always tell you have got the right powder when you see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the label. 1/3, 2/-, and 5/-, powder or tablets. Never sold loose.

Agonizing stomach pains

are nature's warning

BANISH CONSTIPATION!

Violent stomach pains, indigestion and other stomach disorders are nearly always due to unsuspected constipation. Unless you banish constipation *at once* and sweep away the poisonous waste matter from the whole 35 feet length of the intestinal tract, you can never know real health. You will be continually in danger of serious illness. Feen-a-mint is your best remedy—for only Feen-a-mint is made so that it mixes with the natural saliva and cleanses your entire system *thoroughly, naturally* and *pleasantly*.

Fifteen Million satisfied users

Feen-a-mint *looks* different, its *action* is different. It *is* different from any other laxative. That is why there are over 15 million satisfied users of Feen-a-mint. Its fresh mint flavour makes it the ideal family laxative. Sold in 1/3 packets everywhere, or for free sample send 1½d. stamp for postage to White's Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. V.2.), 15, Thames House, London, S.W.1.

FEEN-A-MINT

WITH THE CLEAN MINT FLAVOUR

It's the DAILY POLISH with "CHERRY BLOSSOM" *that keeps shoes so much smarter*

'A polish as bright as patent leather; welts, seams and uppers protected from the wet and a preservative finish that ensures longer wear and keeps shoes supple and comfortable; these are some of the great advantages of the daily use of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.

Polish them DAILY with CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

It only takes a minute and keeps shoes at their best

In Black, White, Brown, Tonette and Dark Tan Stain. Tins 2½d., 4½d. and 6d.

CB.DJ.3

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Holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I'LL give you proof in 7 days that I can make you a NEW MAN. Right in the first week you will see and feel the improvement! Then as my weekly lessons arrive in your home I continue to rebuild, renew and "overhaul" your body. Soon you are the proud owner of a powerful build like mine. People will notice the ruddy glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your clear eyes, and your broad shoulders. You will be the fellow who will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best job while others wonder how you did it!

Actual photo showing CHARLES ATLAS as he is to-day.

No Apparatus

I haven't any need for apparatus that may strain your heart and other vital organs. I don't dose you or doctor you. Dynamic-Tension is all I need. It's the natural, tested method for developing real men inside and out. Are you underweight? I'll add pounds where needed! Are you fat in spots? I'll pare you down to fighting trim! And I'll also give you the rugged health that banishes constipation, pimples and bad breath, and similar conditions that rob you of the good things of life.

48-Page Book FREE

Post coupon below for FREE copy of my new book. It reveals the secrets that changed me from a 7-stone weakling into a husky who won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Tells all about my method and what it has done to make big-muscled men out of run-down specimens. Shows from actual photos how I develop my pupils to my own perfectly balanced proportions. My system can do the same for YOU too. Don't keep on being only half of the man you CAN be! Put your name and address on the coupon and post it TO-DAY, as supply is limited. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 13-Q, 40, Chandos Street, London, W.C.2.**

CHARLES ATLAS

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I want the proof that your system of Dynamic-Tension will make a New Man of me. Send me your book. "Everlasting Health and Strength." **FREE.**

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A FREE BOOK *for* ASTHMA *and* CATARRH Sufferers

explaining the home treatment for all those whose most urgent need is immediate benefit from these distressing maladies, can be had without any obligation whatsoever by writing to Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure Ltd.

This Free Illustrated Book tells you how Dr. Hair concentrated on making all sufferers from these dreaded complaints sound and healthy by the use of an inexpensive treatment. Full information is given about Causes—Dangers—Treatment for Children—Hygiene. Also, relief is quicker and surer if you follow Dr. Hair's few simple Diet rules.

Eminent medical men and well-known public persons have praised the treatment. Letters of appreciation, testifying to the lasting relief obtained have been, and are being, received from men and women in all spheres of life.

Don't delay—Write to-day!

There is no need to go on suffering from sleepless nights, choking tortures, excessive coughing and mucous expectoration. Take your first step on the road to glorious health by sending a postcard, or a letter for the Free Book at once by addressing your application to

DR. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE LTD., (DEPT. O.I.), STANWELL MOOR, STAINES, MIDDLESEX.

You will get proof on how to end your sufferings. Be sure to write at once, now while you think of it—you may never regret this opportunity!

You can place your fullest trust in goods advertised in "John Bull" for they are sound and honest value and are all covered by the "John Bull" Guarantee - See page 37

"NEW-LIFE" HAIR-GROWING FOR BALDNESS

Going Bald
Falling and Thinning Hair and Dandruff

"I had no hair on my head at all

"I was almost bald."

EVEN AFTER YEARS of Baldness, the "Roots" of the Hair are very rarely "Dead" or beyond reviving. Kotalko has won a world-wide fame for its revival of hair-growth.

—**not a single hair,**" writes Mr. James Bindley. "At the General Hospital they said I should never have another hair as long as I lived.

"**I bought Kotalko and Kotalko Soap** and used them for a few minutes every day. The **new hair soon began to grow,** and now no one seeing me would credit I had been bald. The hairdresser and many others can confirm all I say. I now have **a complete new growth of hair in natural colour** after having been perfectly bald."

writes Miss Annie Thompson. "I tried all kinds of treatments, but the falling of my hair continued. "**At last I was advised to try Kotalko,** and to my great joy discovered that I had finally found the right thing. The **new hair growth developed and strengthened.** It has been maintained in length and quantity, as you will see by my photograph. My hair is all that can be desired. **I cannot praise Kotalko sufficiently.**"

PERSONAL TESTIMONIES PROVE IT

A multitude of men and women—all ages—have had **new hair growth** or other hair benefits since using **KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP. They are different from everything else.** All I ask is that you give the Kotalko products a trial and **watch your scalp in the mirror** over a brief period. Then **you will need no further proof.**

100,000 TEST PACKAGES

are now waiting to be sent to all who would like to see how Kotalko restores "New-Life" Hair-growing in Baldness, Bald Patches, Falling or Thinning Hair, Brittleness or Breaking of Hair, or Dandruff.

Fill in and Post this Coupon To-day.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9, Percy St. (536.B.), London, W.1

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of **Kotalko** and **Kotalko Soap,** with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO Cleanse & Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP —the Tonic Shampoo

DISTURBED NIGHTS

Frequent night rising is a complaint very common to men in middle life. The dangers of enlarged prostate are such that no man should fail to take immediate action to prevent the further development of this disorder, which, if neglected, may necessitate a major operation.

The regular use of Halmagon Brand Tablets is strongly advocated for safe and speedy relief, for which the Medical Profession is prescribing HALMAGON more and more.

At all Chemists. 3/6 Box. Single Tube 1/-

FREE! 1/-BOOK Write for FREE copy, "LIFE IN FULL MEASURE."

128pp., 8vo. *If you wish you may enclose 2d. for postage.*

TONICITY LABORATORIES, LTD. (Dept. J.B.4), 6-8, Emerald Street, London, W.C.1.

HALMAGON

No proprietary rights are claimed apart from Registered Trade Mark "HALMAGON."

New Method Works Wonders

in cases of

HÆMORRHOIDS

(Piles)

Piles are a form of varicose veins, particularly liable to damage and irritation, and frequently a source of intense pain and mental misery. Germoloid Suppositories stop pain almost instantly, and as they gradually melt they spread a lasting protective film over exposed nerves and veins, whilst releasing antiseptic principles to carry on their healing work all through the hours of sleep. They restrain bleeding, provide lubrication against "dragging down" and acid irritation, and prevent loss of fluid by absorption. Thus, they help to overcome constipation, the chief dread of every sufferer and the frequent cause of renewed attacks. Germoloids are inexpensive, clean, simple and invariably effective. Use one each night until the condition is improved or one per week to avoid recurring attacks.

Germoloids

From All Chemists. **1/3 per box of 12**

(For External Piles use Germolene brand Ointment in addition.)

★ *Every Post a Winning Post!* ★

BETS by POST

THE GREAT

SPRING DOUBLE

SEND FOR PRICE LIST FOR THE

LINCOLN AND NATIONAL

LONG ODDS QUOTED FOR EVERY HORSE

Letter Commissions accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules. Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of the race —any race—will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

Send Your Bets to the Big Two

Please send your terms of business.
I am over 21 years of age.

Name .....
J.B. 13/3/37

Address .....

Town .....

County .....

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED DE MAURICE LTD
227 BATH ST GLASGOW C2

FROM OUR READERS

Britain's Empty Larder

Coincidences: Rescue by Lightning: Wealth

NO attempt is being made by the Government to garner against shortage of meat in emergency.

If the imports of meat were regulated for a time, so that the supply would exceed the demand by a large margin, a reserve sufficient for four months at full consumption rate could be built up in two months.

Only simple organisation would be needed to avoid long storage by replacing consumed food by fresh supplies.—G. H. TWELVETREES, Delahays Road, Hale, Cheshire.

Cold storage system of Britain can accommodate 550,000 tons of meat—a hundredweight per family—but much less than one-third of it is occupied.

All Harmless

MY first baby was born four weeks ago. Relations and friends whom I had always thought to be people of intelligence are now impressing on me that the boy's whole life will be governed by my observance of rules of superstition.

They shake their heads when I hold baby up to the mirror. "So terribly unlucky," they say.

Evil would befall him, I was told, if I used a new brush when I brushed his hair for the first time. I am counselled also to allow no one to speak of him by his Christian name until three days after baptism, not to wear new clothes for the christening, and that no one except myself must look at his first tooth until the day after it is cut.—MRS. E. GALTREY, Greengate Street, Barrow.

And his first vest must be put on inside out.

Falling Into Luck

LAST week my wife fell a few steps downstairs. She said it would bring luck.

Sure enough we won a few shillings in a competition investment.

This week she fell again on the stairs, but farther. And to-night we got news that we have won another and bigger prize.—R. DOUGHTY, Littledale Street, Kempston, Beds.

Beware, if you see her looking meditatively at the full flight next week.

Race With "Silver Ring"

Now For The Flat!

A FAMOUS detective was responsible for the remark that at least one mug was born every minute.

Perhaps he had in mind the backers who fall for the "dud" bookmaking concerns which at this period of the year spring up in the night like mushrooms. Their bait is long odds—judging by some of the Lincoln and National lists sent me, four or five points over the market prices.

The *Sporting Life* contains a list of advertising bookmakers who have been before the public year after year. They give you a straight deal and fair odds.

The Lincoln will be over by the time my next notes appear. I am relying on Laureat II and hope that Royal Mail will land the second leg of the Spring Double.

Hors Bord stands as the selection for the Imperial Cup at Sandown Park.

Note Marconi for the Grand Military 'Chase.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, March 11, to Wednesday, March 17.

Z Q C 93 B 94 M R 98 T F O A P U X
L H J I 95 E D W N 96 G S K V Y 97

In place of the letters or figures advertised in *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OK96UW would read SATYR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. FKZ2KO would read GALLAS.

Misapprehension

IT is damnable the manner in which the German political leaders are rousing their people to a frenzy of anger against Great Britain and the Empire.

To-night, at ten o'clock, I tuned-in my radio to Berlin and heard a man screaming in German and repeatedly mentioning the names "England" and "Canada." I don't know the language, but he spoke like a maniac.

There must have been many thousands of people present because the din was terrific—a sustained storm of cheers, booing and catcalls.

Often the speaker—it may have been Hitler or Goebbels—could not be heard above the pandemonium.—M. E. PONTING, Cowley Road, Brixton, S.W.

You were hearing a German broadcast of the ice-hockey championship at Wembley, London.

Ironical

THIS week, as a surveyor, I have been examining miners' cottages in the North-East coalfields.

In one village I observed that the oven-doors in all the houses had the inscription, "England expects every man to do his duty."

One man or more in each home has been unemployed from one to four years. The exhortations seem more cruel because they are at their firesides.—A. WARD, Hampton Grove, Redcar, Yorks.

It was customary to put this now ironical phrase on fixtures in workers' dwellings built just after Trafalgar.

"A" Pictures

AT the exhibition of the Boris Karloff film "The Walking Dead," I was much less horror-struck by the picture than something I saw during the performance.

In front of me was a girl about seven years old whose nervous tension became so acute that she put her head behind the back of the woman who accompanied her.

The woman paid no attention, however, and did not leave until the child became hysterical towards the end of the picture.—MRS. AGNES BROOKS, Regent Street, Church Gresley, Burton-on-Trent.

Many school doctors attribute prevalence of nervous disorders among children to horror films.

Climbing to Death

NEVER a week passes now without report of a boy being electrocuted on an electricity pylon. Usually the victim has been challenged by his chums to climb one of these dangerous structures.

The pylons should be protected to a height of ten feet by barbed wire.—A. W. HUTCHISON, Abercorn Street, Glasgow, C.4.

All the barbed wire that can be produced is being stored for another purpose.

Saved By Lightning

TAKING a short cut across the fields I was caught in a thunderstorm and sought shelter under a large tree.

I heard an animal bellow and saw a massive bull galloping towards me. I had run only a few strides when there came a flash of lightning and a crash.

When I reached the gate and looked back I saw the tree on the ground and the bull lying still beneath it.

I learned later that it had been killed instantaneously, but whether by the tree or the lightning I do not know.—MRS. J. KENNEDY, Lockart Avenue, Cambuslang.

Best "escape" story of the week.

Her Reward

THE best investment I ever made was at the age of nineteen, when I resolved to pay someone a compliment every day, to do something for nothing for someone every day, and to start one laugh every day.

I am now ninety-six—born on the same day as the late King Edward VII. I am still poor, measured by material things, but am very rich in friends.—MRS. HENRIETTA MILBURN, Somerset Road, Bootle, Liverpool.

Gilt-edged dividends.

Their Souvenir

RECENTLY I married a widow and among her trinkets found a gold hunter watch with my mother's photograph in the back of the case.

I lost the watch on the Somme in 1916, leaving it behind in a dugout one morning when my battalion went over to the attack.

My wife's first husband, who was in another regiment, had found it and brought it home on his last leave before he died in action.—FRANK BUSH, Gloucester Road, Urmston, Manchester.

This story is corroborated by the enclosure of a letter from the dead soldier to his wife informing her of the find.

Clerical Sport

IN my native Somerset village the church verger — an enthusiastic fisherman—always has by his side a trout rod tipped with lead. A well-directed "cast" results in a tap on the cranium of anyone who slumbers during the sermon.

And the font is full of fish. The vicar, also an ardent disciple of Isaak Walton, keeps his live bait in it.—ERNEST WALKER, Camden Road, London, N.W.

An East coast country parson takes his wooden pulpit with him when he goes duck-shooting, to use as a "hide."

Verdant

YOU will observe that my notepaper is printed in green. My delivery van is also green.—E. W. GREENE, greengrocer, Green Street, Chepstow.

Written, of course, with green ink.

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Why we get Indigestion

By Dr. Scott, M.D., Paris.

In most cases the trouble is that too much acid is being produced by the digestive organs; it burns the delicate walls of your stomach, attacks your food and causes fermentation and wind. The result is digestive pain, heartburn, drowsiness, palpitation and even stomach ulcers.

The only way to get relief is to neutralise excess acid, and we doctors find that the best way to do this is to take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after meals. By counteracting excess stomach acid, 'Bisurated' Magnesia brings blessed relief from pain in a matter of minutes.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia—referred to above—is available at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

The Heads Have it

Men and women who find their hair going prematurely grey should use Deckers Bay Rum. It gradually restores the natural colour by perfectly safe means. It is not a dye. Deckers has proved a great boon to many people whose hair was early turning grey.

Super Size bottle, double quantity, 3/-. Standard Size, 1/9. Obtainable from all Hairdressers and Stores. Get a bottle to-day.

OSBORNE-GARRETT & CO. LTD. LONDON, W.1.

DECKER'S

hair darkening bay rum

PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief and Certain Cure.

The danger of Piles is not readily understood because the trouble is seldom talked about, but you can't mistake the symptoms. That heavy, dragging, "bearing-down," which saps your energy and makes it impossible for you to give your mind to your work; swelling, pain and a burning irritation which nothing seems to relieve; hæmorrhage and protrusion.

The **MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE**—a doctor's formula—can be relied upon to give instant relief and permanently heal, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Thousands of former sufferers are grateful to the **MAGIC PILE CURE** for their present good health.

"I received greater relief from your Magic Pile Cure in one week than during 10 years of treatment in hospital."—A. S., Guildford.

Piles undermine the system both mentally and physically; surgical methods are unnecessary and unwise. If you are suffering from any form of rectal trouble, be persuaded to try **MAGIC PILE CURE.** The first application of this soothing treatment will reduce protrusions, check irritation and hæmorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how stubborn or long-standing the case may be. So why continue to suffer? **FREE SAMPLE** gladly sent on request to—

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.12, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. Weak Kidneys usually are the real cause of Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, Muddy Skin, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, or Lost Vigour. Don't take chances. Get the Doctor's prescription Cystex (Siss-tex) at chemists. £1,000 deposited with Westminster Bank, London, backs up Cystex Guarantee to bring new vitality in 48 hours, make you feel 10 years younger and cure in 8 days or money back.

ARE YOU DEAF?

You can be assisted at very little cost by using **WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR-DRUMS.** THIS SCIENTIFIC INVENTION is entirely different in construction from other devices, and assists where other methods and medical skill have failed to give relief. The DRUMS are soft, comfortable, **INVISIBLE**, have no wire or string attachments, and require NO electric batteries. Cannot be noticed even by closest friends.

Write for FREE Pamphlet to:—

WILSON EAR-DRUM CO. (Dept. 26), Roxburghe House, 273/287, Regent St., London, W.1.

DON'T SPEND 2 DAYS IN BED

—Sneezing, Snuffling, Shivering

We all wish we could stop in bed when we have a COLD, CHILL, 'FLU or FEVERISH ATTACK—but how many of us can afford to? Daily tasks must be done even though your head feels fit to burst, your eyes are 'burning', your nose running and you've an ache in every limb and joint. But thanks to BEECHAMS POWDERS you can just

SPEND 2 PENCE

And Get Relief

INSTEAD

Yes!—just 2d. and your cold vanishes!—your head ceases to throb, your eyes no longer 'burn', your nose stops running, that leaden ache leaves your limbs and those twinges of Rheumatic Agony no longer torture you! Just TWO PENCE is the price you pay for a BEECHAMS POWDER—the amazing remedy which 'Acts Like Magic.'

BEECHAMS POWDERS are pleasant to take, too, having a delicate aromatic flavour which pleases your palate.

If YOU Have A

COLD, 'FLU

Chill, Headache or Rheumatic Attack

STOP IT NOW FOR TWOPENCE

TAKE Beechams BRAND Powders 2D. EACH

Act Like Magic

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

Look into JOHN BULL'S Shop Window and "The Small Ads. Worth Watching" for Bargains.

See Pages 2, 3, and 18.

Are you only half-cleaning your lavatory?

ONLY HALF-CLEAN. No amount of unpleasant brush-work can ever reach round the hidden bend in the pipe. Not disinfected or deodorised.

COMPLETELY CLEAN. Harpic sweeps right round the bend in the pipe — cleans completely. Disinfects thoroughly. Deodorises, too.

HARPIC

Cleans Completely! Disinfects! Deodorises!

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD, HULL AND LONDON

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. **£4.17.6**

Easy Payments: 5/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay

Mr. C. R. S of London, writes:—"The Wireless Set is an absolute marvel. Several persons who have seen and heard it all say what a lovely thing it is. You can put me on your list of satisfied customers, and I shall certainly recommend you to my friends."

Mr. J. O. of Birkenhead, writes:—"I received the Wireless Set S3 Model, and to say I am pleased is putting it mildly. I was recommended to you by a friend who has had one of your Radios for 12 years and is still pleased with it. And now I think I can be a better friend to my friends by recommending them to you."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

BLOOD TROUBLES, ABSCESSES, BOILS

quickly relieved by Vitadatio.

Wonderful tributes to Vitadatio, the famous herbal remedy, are received daily.

Mrs. Walters, 48, Bentgate St., Newhey, Rochdale, writes:—"For four years I had one **Abscess** after another. I had four operations, the last being on the spine, which discharged 20 months. I tried Vitadatio and after two bottles my back was easier, so I persevered with it. I have been working two years and keeping fit."

If you are a sufferer do not give up hope—cases pronounced hopeless have yielded to Vitadatio. For Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach complaints, Vitadatio stands alone. **Get a bottle to-day.** If further proof is required, write for book of testimonials.

Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or direct per post (6d. extra in U.K.). From **VITADATIO, 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.**

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

WIN THIS TRIPLE CORONATION PRIZE FOR JOHN BULL'S ENTERTAINING X-WORD!

PRESENTED on this page is the fifty-fifth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, April 1, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," copy of which will be forwarded free on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash or other prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, March 20.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 1. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, April 6, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the first prize be shared £900 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

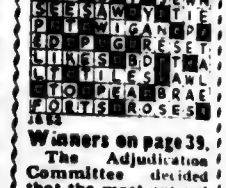
CLUES ACROSS.

1. Drive very fast
5. Glass one is sometimes seen in museum
10. Imitate
11. Appears twice in London
13. "Faust" is one
15. Enables car to be driven more quickly
17. Behead and curtail word
19. House is, to tenant
20. Mother won't do this if it's unnecessary
21. Important war operations call for many a big one
22. Small plum from which gin can be made
24. Found in Ulster, also in also
25. Kiwi without head and tail
27. Able-bodied seaman, in short
28. Erist in Belfast
29. Noise made by this can be disturbing
32. It's often difficult to unearth the root of one
34. End of beef and chef
36. Supplied with arms
37. Loose
40. Mistake
43. Noah sailed in this
44. Taken from pawn and tawdry
46. Remove preposition from town
47. Employ
48. When people do this it's generally in an aimless sort of way
50. Most men are particular about this when buying a new hat
51. Some people envy those who live in this

CLUES DOWN.

1. Victim of confidence trickster is usually this
2. Bit of copper found in tappets
3. Slippery fish
4. Bird of peace
6. Centre of gnat
7. Cook may be handicapped without this
8. Begins early
9. These are often regarded as eccentric people
12. Fish are caught in these
14. You level your lawn with this
16. Animal found in Selkirk
18. Gets through wood without any trouble
20. Draw breath in gasps
21. We often find evidence of old ones in ancient castles
23. Water surrounded by land
26. Wise mother doesn't let her child stay for long in this by itself
28. Even a careful man may be ruined by
30. Want or need
31. Remove vowels from name
33. One may add to value of farm
35. One of lightning is dazzling
37. At end of cavalcade
39. Space of land or water
41. Dissatisfaction is often expressed regarding the marriage one
42. Is in debt
44. Arch without centre
45. Rest kind of this is not too obvious
47. Corrosives
48. First half of week
49. Part of plan in atlas

X-WORD No. 52.



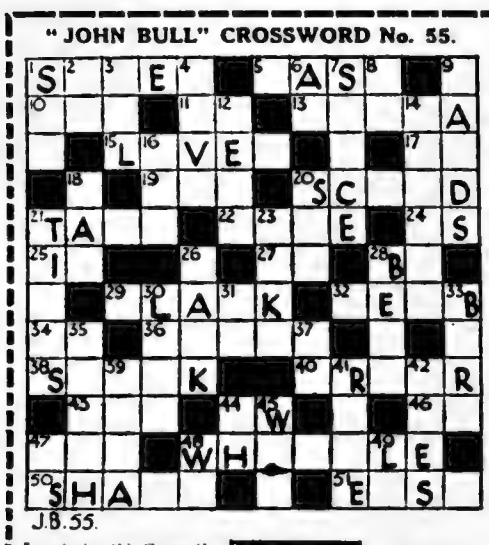
Winners on page 39.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point LOPES and LOSES were regarded as apt words of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," copy of which will be forwarded FREE on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 55. Closing SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1937



J.B.55.

J.B.55.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 55. Closing SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1937

J.B.55.

J.B.55.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

...../.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 55, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

COPY SQUARES

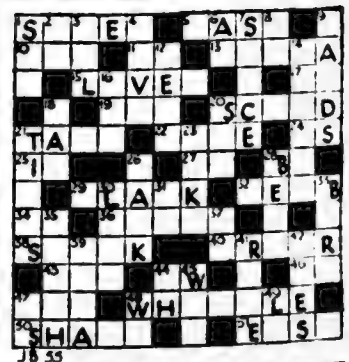
These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions, and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWS-AGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

JB 55



JB 55

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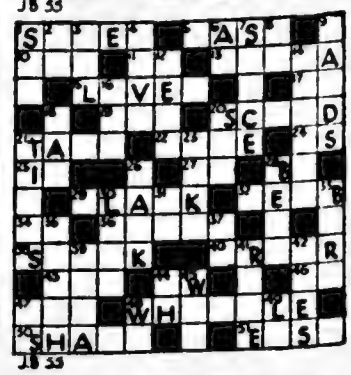


JB 55

The Editor Laughs Last

SHARE HOLDER (Peckham).—"Do you know the biggest holders of gas?" Gasometers.

H. M. (Kettering).—"I have acquired a permanent stoop through playing bowls." On pleasure bent.

B. M. (Goole).—"Early spring blooms will be very forward this year." No daffodilly-dally.

CHIROPODIST (Finchley).—"I'm a devoted lover." Always at your fiancée's feet, we suppose.

ROBERT (Whitechapel).—"Where do the majority of Thames bargees hail from?" The wheels of their vessels.

PLOUGHMAN (Dorset).—"All three of us have never missed a day's work in our lives." You turn up regularly.

G. A. (Glasgow).—"Can you skate with one leg held in the air?" We do all our skating with both legs in the air.

AGENT (Warrington).—"The woman I showed over the house thought everything was lovely, but she wouldn't buy it." Just empty praise, then.

J. L. (Renfrew).—"Because my wife will tie her clothes line on to the fence, this is falling over." You'll soon have to prop it up.

INDIAN GAME (Hindhead).—"One of my young cockerels will fight anything, with the result that he is now almost devoid of feathers." He shows pluck.

N. C. (Staines).—"For several years my wife has insisted on giving me loin of mutton for supper three times a week." More chops than changes.

E. V. (Harringay).—"On Coronation Day, what do you think will be the most unpopular things under the sun?" Clouds.

A. K. (Ruislip).—"A man looks upon his engagement as a period of 'thumbs up'." And after he is married, it is often a case of "knuckle down."

BILL (Marlow).—"I will have my own back on him for lecturing me on my lack of economy in front of others." You are saving it up for him!

S. E. (Peckham).—"I fully intended to give notice, but the manager forestalled me and showed me the door." So that let you out.

D. G. E. (Glasgow).—"To keep his tables in perfect condition a billiards saloon proprietor is advertising for a conscientious attendant." One who will do his level best, we suppose?

GOSSIP (West End).—"I know of a hotel page-boy who resigned because the manageress became awe-inspiring in her importance." She got too big for her boots, eh?

RINK (Bournemouth).—"The first time I saw her she looked so beautiful skimming across the ice that I failed to see where I was going and crashed." You fell for her immediately you saw her.

CASHIER (West Bromwich).—"She made a great fuss when filling in her paying-in slip, but I was very surprised when I found she was only depositing a sixpenny postal order." You could hardly credit it?

"I'm cookin' a rush order for 'im."
—From "The Passing Show"

C. F. (Castleford).—"Why do people spend so many hours filling up a football coupon?" It's a bit of a puzzle.

E. W. S. (Devizes).—"A joint of pork shrinks a lot when being well cooked." And afterwards, too.

J. B. (Worcester).—"A house-to-house salesman depends upon his gifts for success." Especially that of the gab.

PROFESSOR (Mansfield). — "In three words only, tell me how to make sawdust." Use your head.

P. P. (Penhurst).—"Take land away from the landowner and he's a pretty sick man." He's at sea.

ANGLER (Southend).—"This is a good month for fishing." One is at least sure of some biting winds.

C. E. C. (Melton Mowbray).—"I got up in the middle of the night to put the cat out and found the kitchen afire." So you put it out?

C. A. (Orpington).—"These are the days of face lifting and hair dye." Yes, one often sees instances of young heads on old shoulders.

J. W. (Orpington).—"I lent him my gumboots three months ago, and haven't been able to get them back." He's stuck to them.

C. T. S. (Harfield).—"My neighbour hasn't spoken to me since I asked him to thin out his apple tree, which he hasn't done." He's cut you instead.

METEOROLOGIST (London, W.).—"What do you think I did when my wife informed me that she simply must have a newly stocked wardrobe?" Raised the wind.

MEDICO (Anglesey).—"Digestion is such an intricate piece of machinery that even a small thing may upset its work." Just a trifle, in fact.

M. S. (Orpington).—"It cost me a lot of money to have a shower-bath fixed up in my bathroom, but I would have the best." So you determined to make a splash.

T. L. (Bristol).—"When I found that carrying 2-cwt. sacks of coal was making me round-shouldered, I quickly got tired of it and gave up my job." Before you got the hump?

Side Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

IRISH INDEPENDENT: —"The KIPPER, ——, of Glasgow, who was standing on the bridge. . . ."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—". . . and damaged the bedroom in which they were sleeping SERIOUSLY. . . ."

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS OBSERVER: —". . . . was summoned for the alleged selling or supplying of INTOXICATED liquor during restricted hours. . . ."

WEST WALES GUARDIAN:—"In full career the animal sent pedestrians scudding for pavements, WHOLE women wheeling perambulators rushed into nearby shops."

PONTEFRACT AND CASTLEFORD EXPRESS: —"With the help of a farmer, —— was OVERPOWDERED, and was taken to the police station."

WIZARD:—"Chab opened his toothless mouth. . . . Chab ground his TEETH with vexation."

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

REFEREE (Falkirk).—"And what do I get out of refereeing a match?" Hoots mon!

D. N. (Sonning).—"The recent floods cost me a lot of money." Now you are in low water instead of high

MISS A. W. (Wanstead).—"The cricketer was convicted on my evidence at the court." You bowled him out?

TEACHER (Bury).—"Some violin beginners execute really difficult pieces." Others, of course, murder them.

ANGLER (Cambridge).—"I hooked a pheasant while casting my line the other day." We trust you played the game.

N. J. (Ventnor).—"I am building myself a bungalow on wheels for the summer." A house like that should be easy to run.

B. T. (Midlands).—"The burglar hid behind the big drum while we searched the theatre." And then beat it?

FAN (London, W.).—"The English Cup competition is a perfect farce." Our favourite team has been knocked out, too.

W. N. (Tonbridge).—"He shakes cocktails all day, but has never tasted one." He hasn't the courage of his concoctions.

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"I cannot help marvelling at the æsthetic beauty of a good goalkeeper in action." His saving grace.

F. D. (Chelsea).—"Egypt has a call of its own for our archæologists." "Come to mummy"?

ATHLETE (Portobello).—"A good brisk swim will cure any ill." This is excellent news for anyone who has bather's cramp.

H. G. (Parkstone).—"When we have company it does not take me long to rattle up a couple of different cocktails." In a brace of shakes, so to speak.

CURIOUS (Falmouth).—"He and I are bosom pals, yet he will never tell me what profit he makes from his oyster beds." He keeps that a close secret.

W. L. (Lincoln).—"If you find twenty £1 notes in one pocket of your overcoat and five £10 notes in another, what must you have?" Somebody else's overcoat.

FRENCH POLISHER (Essex).—"Although my trade is not what it used to be, I can still make a comfortable living." You can keep rubbing along.

D. N. V. (London).—"Many middle-aged men have expensive mad facial massages." Young men who play Rugby get them for nothing.

SOLICITOR (City).—"When making a will, I prefer a client who does not interfere with me." You mean you prefer him to leave everything to you?

DECORATOR (Nottingham).—"I attach great importance to psychology when doing a room." In other words, you size things up.

P. A. (Aberystwyth).—"Wales has been enjoying a short spell of Springlike weather." A short spell of anything would be a novelty in Wales.

BORED (Perranporth).—"He continued to lecture me, and only stopped when we reached the edge of the cliff." And you consider that he did not go quite far enough?

C. E. C. (Balham).—"My wife and I gaze at lovely houses at these Exhibitions, but we've no idea of ever being able to own one." Take a look at that *Bullets* £1,500 Ideal Home on page 46—and then at the £3 Weekly Life Pension, £1,000 cash and Coronation Celebration Week which go with it. That ought to give you lots of ideas.

B. M. (London).—"We Thames Valley residents ought to organise to see what can be done to fight against these disastrous floods." Why not call an overflow meeting?

V. F. (Scarborough).—"He has promised to give me an album full of foreign stamps if I am keen, and willing to fetch them." Doubtless you'll add to your collection.

N. L. (Fulham).—"I went to the fancy dress ball dressed as a cowboy, but the girls were so impressed by the enormous hat that they did not seem to notice me." It evidently quite put you in the shade.

N. D. (Leyton).—"I am very fond of experimenting. As a boy I made my own cycle, followed by a motor-cycle, then I built and drove a car. I now propose to build and fly a glider." Your ambition is soaring.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

YOU WILL
NEVER BE BALD
IF YOU FEED YOUR SCALP WITH
RENAIR
Hair Tonic

FOR every Hair Trouble there is a **Renair Remedy** specially prepared by Frederick Godfrey, the famous British Hair Specialist who has treated 500,000 cases.

"Had it not been for your preparations, I should have lost my hair completely."—G.B.

Renair Pomade is a natural scalp food and Hair Growth stimulant. New Hair is grown even on heads bald for years.
Price 3/- & 5/- per Carton

Renair Hair Tonic stops Falling Hair almost immediately, tones scalp, imparts lustre and brilliance—in fact, is the best everyday Hairdressing for men and women.
Price 1/-, 1/9 & 3/- per bottle

Renair Dandruff Lotion cures Dandruff in 3 days.
Price 1/- & 1/9

Renaklor Grey Hair Remedy restores Natural Colour gradually and surely without any dye.
Price 3/- & 5/- per bottle

Fellex Tonic Shampoo brings out the best in every woman's hair.
Sachets 6d. Tubes 3d. and 1/-.

"Hair quite thick and healthy. I cannot thank you enough."—Mrs. A. B.

At all Chemists, including Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, etc.

Testing supply of preparation desired sent free on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing to:—

F. Godfrey, Whatstandwell, Matlock.

For smokers who prefer WHITE cigarettes

Try the new "Green A.G.," the paper used only on high-grade 'bought' cigarettes. It gives you a really white cigarette. And because it's A.G., you get cool smokes full of the real tobacco flavour—smokes you'll enjoy better than any other. Rolling in A.G. saves you money too. So insist on A.G.—and if you want WHITER cigarettes, ask for "Green A.G." It rolls easily by hand or machine and is in the improved automatic A.G. packet.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS
Now packed in 3 styles

JUST OUT 'GREEN A.G' for whiter cigarettes

Mend it—at our expense
FREE sample of 'CASCO'
The New COLD WATER GLUE

We are so sure you will find 'Casco' the strongest glue you have ever tried that we offer a generous sample—FREE. 'Casco' is so strong it is used for making aeroplanes, doors, furniture. Heatproof, waterproof, super strong. Unlike ordinary glues which set by evaporation, 'Casco' sets chemically like cement. Bonds almost anything—permanently. From ironmongers, oil and paint shops.

IN HANDY TUBE FROM 6d.

FREE SAMPLE
From Dept. J.H. 9,
LEICESTER, LOVELL & Co., Ltd., 14-18, Nile Street, LONDON, N.1.

"Bullets" Colossal Coronation

WIN THIS GIANT 4-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE FOR 2, 3, or 4 WORDS

IDEAL HOME

plus

£3 WEEKLY LIFE PENSION

with

£1,000 CASH

and

FAMILY CORONATION WEEK IN LONDON

YOUR £1,500 'JOHN BULL' HOUSE

As the winner, you will be presented with a freehold house, built to your own needs on any site you select fully equipped, furnished and provided with every luxury you desire, including garage if required and laid-out garden—to the total value of £1,500.

WINNER, accompanied by wife (or husband) and one or two children, will be provided with superb seats for the glittering Coronation Procession, best available hotel accommodation and a round of gaiety in London during the week ending May 15.

IF WINNER PREFERS, HUGE LUMP SUM OF 3,000 GUINEAS WILL BE ALLOWED IN PLACE OF 4-IN-1 PRIZE

A FEW days more and this historic *Bullets* Coronation Offer, with its colossal 4-in-1 Ideal Home First Prize, 1,199 other double Coronation awards and unlimited Coronation Surprise Gifts, will be part of Competition history. Without parallel in the past, its range of wonderful opportunities are such that it can never return in quite the same memorable fashion.

On Friday, April 2, a golden envelope will be delivered to some entrant from JOHN BULL. Inside it will be a gay "Greetings" telegram, bringing that "Bulleteer" an Ideal Home, solid Life Pension and four-figure Fortune! Yes, make sure that your entry for this sensational Offer reaches the judges within the next few days, and your enormous reward may well be a £1,500 Ideal Home, built and furnished to your requirements by JOHN BULL, £1,000 in immediate cash and £3 Weekly for the rest of your days!

Nor is that all. To celebrate capturing this mighty prize, the First Prize-winner will be privileged to bring wife or husband and two children up to London for the week ending May 15, to enjoy a glorious round of Coronation festivities at JOHN BULL'S expense.

To each of this Contest's 1,200 cash prize-winners, JOHN BULL will present a Silver Coronation medal, a magnificent Souvenir produced by the Royal Mint—and *every entrant* who qualifies as directed on this page will receive an appropriate and attractive Coronation Surprise Gift.

Get to work on your *Bullets* immediately, for you must not let this sensational array of 13,200 prizes and unlimited Coronation Gifts pass beyond your reach without making a bold bid for success before it is too late.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

READ carefully through the list of *Examples* and write down, say, six which appeal to you most. Next, against each of these selected *Examples* jot down all the rough thoughts it suggests to your mind.

In its completed form, remember, a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example*, BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS, you had scribbled down, *In Europe, Will Nations Get Together?* From that simple idea you could readily produce the typical *Bullet*, BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS—EUROPE'S "SHEEP" GETTING TOGETHER?

Before starting on your own efforts, study closely the good points of the winning *Bullets* in our 1,061st Contest below.

Then get busy on your own efforts, and remember to enclose your Coronation Gift Voucher, duly completed, if you wish to qualify for this unique presentation.

Only a few days remain before that Ideal Home, Pension, Fortune and Family Coronation Week will have been won by some entrant. If you want that colossal 4-in-1 First to be yours, see that your *Bullets* are posted in time to reach JOHN BULL by Saturday, March 20.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

GEORGE AND ELIZABETH
IN THE WAY OF PEACE
PARADISE FOR TWO
WHERE WHITEHALL FAILS
GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE
ON CORONATION DAY
FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM
CHEER UP, MR. TAXPAYER
BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS
PROBLEM FOR GENEVA
TO AVOID A COLLISION
NOW SONNY'S A SCOUT
IN SEARCH OF TRUTH
HARD-HEADED
TREACHEROUS
CRAZY
BROKEN DOWN
INTERFERING
GOOD COMPANIONS
ALL TALK
WAR FEVER
THE JOKE IS
RUBBISH
WEAKER SEX
RELENTLESSLY
BE A BRICK AND
ON HIS FEET
APART FROM HER
MOTHER'S JOB
IN THE ABBEY
WHEN BABY'S ILL
MOVED TO TEARS
"THAT'S GOOD."
COWARDICE
WHAT DARBY SAID
HE'S A SPORT, SO
IN THE NURSERY
SEEDS OF DISSENSION
CLUTCHING AT A STRAW
NEVILLE'S HARVEST
DEATH AND DESTRUCTION
JOHN MAY GROUSE, BUT
TO CROWN EVERYTHING
HEARD AT THE SALE
WHEN BRITAIN STARTS
FLAME OF PATRIOTISM
GLAD TO BE ALIVE
WHEN SLUMS HAVE GONE

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1061.

First Prize, £750 plus Coronation Week as announced:

H. O. KING, 19, Ransome Crescent, Ipswich.

Example: IN THE TEETH OF THE GALE
Bullet: GRUMBLING, FETCHING *Fried* FISH!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£100 plus Coronation Week:

E. H. SUMMERLING, Cogenhoe, Northampton.
Example: Open
Bullet: Spaces, Modern "City Wall."

£50 plus Coronation Week:

Mrs. L. VINCE, 89, Park End, Bromley, Kent.
Example: Ready For The Coronation
Bullet: Auntie—Be Prepared, London!

£25 plus Coronation Week:

D. RADFORD, 72, Jacob Street, Dingle, Liverpool.
Example: What War Means
Bullet: Mars' "Coronation" — "Souvenir," Cross.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: F. W. ISLES, 3, The Avenue, Bedford Park, London, W.
I Suggest—Rise—Boss Rises Suggestively.

£18: W. G. TYLER, 62, Perry Hill Road, Birmingham.
Guarding Our Shores—Costly? What's *Sonny* Worth?

£16: F. RICHARDS, 66, Gresham Road, Brixton, S.W.
Government's Brains—Make Us "Tap" Ours.

£14: A. E. BAXTER, Brook House, Linthwaite, Huddersfield.
What War Means "Red Sea" Swallowing *Christianity*.

£12: Mrs. E. C. AITCHISON, Llanberis, 321, Durham Road, Gateshead.
Friend Of All Until Manager Mastered Job!

£10: A. T. POULTON, "River View," Helsey, Warrington.
Friend Of All: He Can't Scare, Hitler.

£9: H. J. DALE, 6, South Street, Guildford.
When Grandpa Started—Travels, Countries "Roamed," To?

£8: A. MILLER, c/o The Gymnasium, York Road, Eastbourne.
I'm Not Rich, But—Compensated, *Giving* "Saturday Pennies."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£7: W. McKNIGHT, 32, Dhu-Varren Park, Belfast.
What War Means Generation Killed—Generations "Robbed."

£6: T. H. WALTERS, 48, Carmarthen Road, Swansea.
Guarding Our Shores—Against "Vultures," Growing "Wings."

Ten Prizes of £5 each:

W. BURY, 121, Manor Lane, Sunbury-on-Thames.
Ready For The Coronation — Sonny's "Booked"—My Back!

J. CALLACHER Condorrat, by Glasgow.
What War Means—*That* Spanish "Information's" Reliable.

L. CHANDLER, 24, Southampton Street, Reading.
Guarding Our Shores—At "Tidal Wave" Cost.

F. HILTON, 9, Vesta Street, Manchester.
When Grandpa Started—*Age*, Eight—*Hours*, Fourteen.

F. A. MARTIN, North Kyme, Lincoln.
Submerged—By *Wavers*, Geneva's "Lifeboat."

C. MINETT, 60, High Street, March, Cambs.
In The Teeth Of The Gale—Vessel Struggled—Then "Crunch"!

J. B. TAYLOR, Highgate, New Road, Armitage, Rugeley, Staffs.
Friend Of All—Grannie Lived—Then Joined.

G. THOMAS, c/o 129, Old Town, Broxburn, N.B.
Poetry Of Spring—Warms The Editorial *Hearth!*

T. V. O. THOMAS, 17, Lilac Grove, Redcar.
What War Means — "Finale" — Swell Brotherhood's "Chorus"!

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for [illegible] in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best effort received. [illegible] other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every effort received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed J. & Co. . Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

J. WALKER, 71, Cambridge Street, Blackburn. Upset Fido—"Length" Dachshund Went To?

Each of the foregoing winners up to £20 will also receive an "All-mains" Ultra" Super-het Radio Set.

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

Celebration Offer

£50 and CORONATION SEATS FOR TWO plus Fares & Hotel Accommodation
£75 and CORONATION SEATS FOR TWO plus Fares & Hotel Accommodation
£100 and CORONATION SEATS FOR TWO plus Fares & Hotel Accommodation
£200 and CORONATION SEATS FOR TWO plus Fares & Hotel Accommodation

UNLIMITED FREE CORONATION SURPRISE GIFTS!

To all entrants who qualify as directed below, "John Bull" will despatch, for arrival in Coronation Week, a specially prepared, handsome, useful and appropriate CORONATION SURPRISE GIFT, not obtainable in any other way

VALUE OVER 2/- EACH

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,064) P.O. No. .....

Closing SAT., March 20. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,064) P.O. No. .....

Closing SAT., March 20. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,064) P.O. No. .....

Closing SAT., March 20. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,064) P.O. No. .....

Closing SAT., March 20. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....

Address .....

SPECIAL EASTER GIFT OPPORTUNITY FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS

RETAIN THIS 1/- GIFT VOUCHER FOR USE WITH YOUR ENTRY NEXT WEEK

Exclusive to JOHN BULL Readers, and for use only with entry for *Bullets* No. 1065. (NOT FOR "IDEAL HOME" OFFER.)

I enclose Four Coupons for *Bullets* No. 1065, closing Sat., March 27. As entry fee I send P.O. for 1s.

No. .....

Please accept this 1s. GIFT VOUCHER as balance of 2s. entry fee.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

N.B This Voucher will not appear in any other announcement, and is available only for NEXT WEEK'S "Bullets" Competition, No. 1065.

over 1,100 OTHER DOUBLE CORONATION AWARDS

£45	£40	£35	£30	£25
£24	£23	£22	£21	£20
£19	£18	£17	£16	£15	£14
£13	£12	£11	£10	5 of £5
10 of £4	10 of £3.10	10 of £3
10 of £2.10	10 of £2	20 of £1.10	100 of £1
1,000 of 2/6	4,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS" 8,000 "STAR TARGETS"

UNIQUE AND HISTORIC CELEBRATION BONUS WITH EVERY CASH PRIZE

SILVER CORONATION MEDAL

A SUPERB SOUVENIR PRODUCED BY THE ROYAL MINT

How to secure your

CORONATION PRESENTATION

To be eligible for Coronation Gift enter four or more sixpenny (or prize) coupons in same name and address for "Bullets" Competition No. 1,064, actually enclosing in *same envelope* the Coronation Gift Voucher Label on this page, bearing stamps value 4½d. firmly affixed as directed. No Gift allowed unless all instructions are carefully followed. (Irish Free State readers to attach 1½d. stamp only to Voucher Label, since only non-dutiable Gift can be despatched.)

FREE GIFT LABEL

AFFIX THREE 1½d STAMPS FIRMLY TO SPACES BELOW AND ENCLOSE LABEL WITH 4 OR MORE COUPONS AS DIRECTED

BY LETTER POST IMMEDIATELY WITH GREAT CARE

YOU MUST AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE	YOU MUST AFFIX 1½d STAMP HERE	YOU MUST AFFIX 1½d STAMP HERE

NAME _____

FULL ADDRESS _____

_____

_____

REMEMBER YOUR GIFT COUPON. If sending four coupons, remember to stamp, complete and enclose your CORONATION GIFT COUPON above. Irish Free State readers to affix one 1½d. stamp, not three, since only non-dutiable Gift can be despatched.

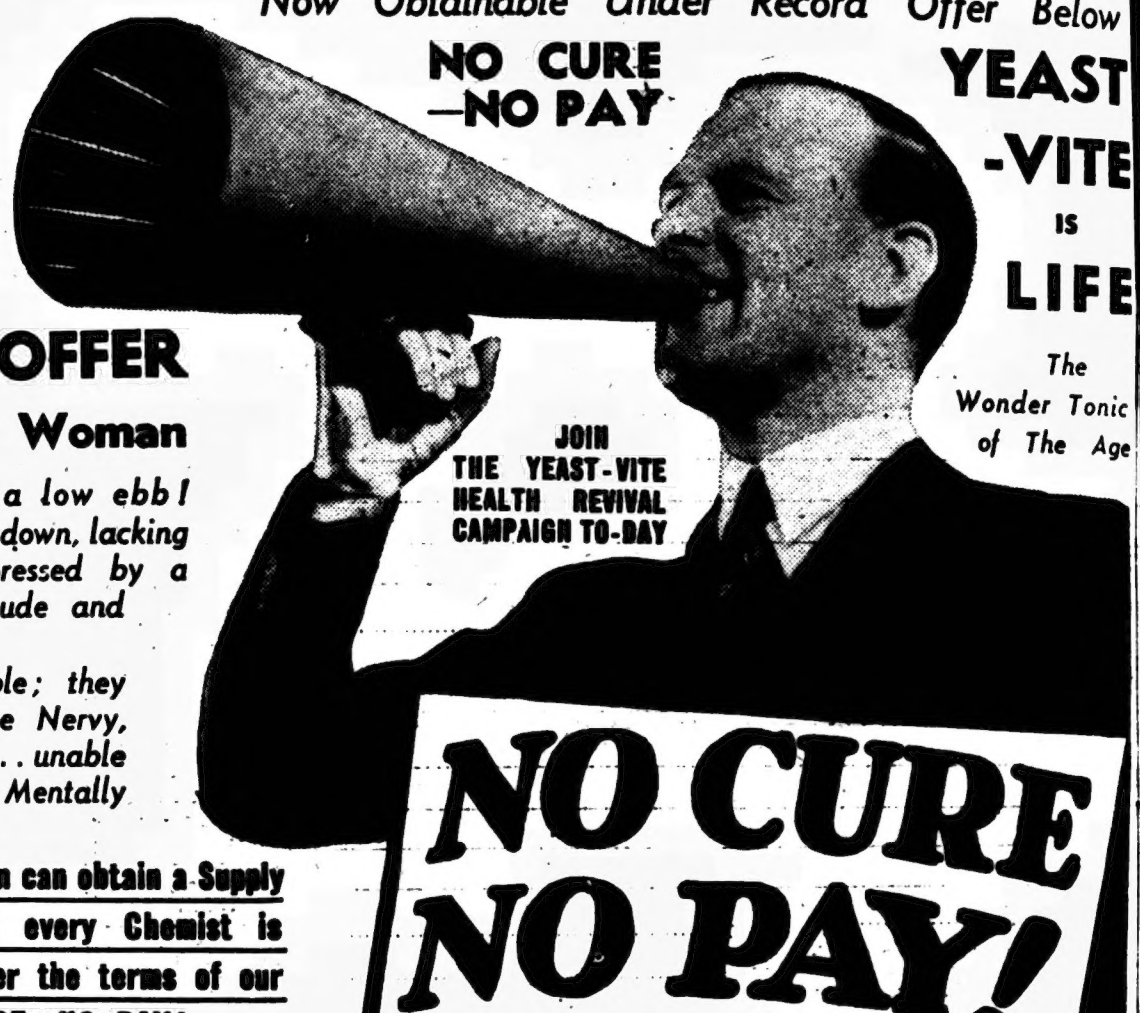
NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the three chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,064 usually purchase their copy of "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,064, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

6D. SIZE Yeast-Vite

Brand Tablets.

Now Obtainable Under Record Offer Below



GREAT HEALTH OFFER

To Every Ailing Man & Woman

The Health of the Nation is at a low ebb! Thousands are below par, they are run-down, lacking in strength, energy and vitality, oppressed by a deadly Weakness, a persistent Lassitude and frightening Depression!

Still more are victims of Stomach trouble; they cannot eat without pain. Others are Nervy, Jumpy, a prey to Ramping Headaches . . . unable to sleep at night! . . . Physically and Mentally EXHAUSTED.

TO-DAY every suffering man and woman can obtain a Supply of YEAST-VITE *for 6d. only.* And every Chemist is authorized to supply the 6d. size under the terms of our World's Record Health Offer—NO CURE—NO PAY!

Imagine what this offer means.

It means that such is the difference just *sixpennyworth* of YEAST-VITE will make to you, that after you have finished even this small supply, there will be no possible doubt in your mind as to the Pain-Relieving, Health-Restoring lightning Pick-me-up action of this world-famous Quick Tonic.

Only because YEAST-VITE acts QUICKLY and CERTAINLY can we make this offer . . . only because YEAST-VITE is the Wonder Tonic of the Age!

DANGER PEAK OF YEAR

YOU, if **YOU** are Ailing, in Pain or Feeling Below Par, should accept this Great Offer *instantly*. There is no time for hesitation or delay. This is the Danger Peak of the Year! This is the time when Serious Complications strike dangerously at all whose health is low.

The **Quick** Tonic Action of **YEAST-VITE** is your surest protection from the dangers which lurk "just around the corner!" **YOU** need and **MUST HAVE** the Lightning Pick-me-up Action of the World's Wonder Tonic, for it contains just those vital elements of Health and Strength which the weakened and ailing body most urgently requires!

6d. MADE LIFE WORTH LIVING

Dear Sirs,—Your 6d. Packet of YEAST-VITE has made a great difference to me. I saw your Offer of "NO CURE—NO PAY" and I thought, "Sixpennyworth surely can't do much good," but I tried it. I was then very weak and exceedingly nervy. After the first two Tablets I felt brighter! After taking the rest of the sixpennyworth my nerves are strengthened and life is worth living once again.

Ilford. G. W.

TWO TABLETS AND I FELT BETTER

Dear Sirs,—YEAST-VITE is magical. I was in such pain from my stomach that I went nearly mad! I bought a 6d. Packet of YEAST-VITE. I took two Tablets and I felt better! My pain went! I took the rest of the sixpennyworth and to-day I have had all my meals without any discomfort whatever.

Nunhead. W. A.

Sold Everywhere

6d., 1/3, 3/-, & 5/-

Yeast-Vite

NO CURE NO PAY!

GET WELL TO-DAY

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD and Fair Dealing Offer made to the British Public. For your Health's sake accept it TO-DAY.

Simply obtain a Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY, and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE," return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question.

ACCEPT THIS GREAT HEALTH OFFER TO-DAY

YOUR QUICK HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	Glorious Relief	In 5/15 Min.
HEADACHES	Deliverance	In 5/15 Min.
LASSITUDE	Vim and Vigour	In 10/20 Min.
DEPRESSION	Buoyant Energy	In 10/20 Min.
"NERVES"	Steadiness	In 10/20 Min.
INDIGESTION	Keen Appetite	In 15/30 Min.
EXHAUSTION	Animation	In 15/30 Min.
SLEEPLESSNESS	Calm Repose	In 30/60 Min.
RHEUMATISM	Pain Relief	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	Regularity	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	Purification	In 36 HOURS

Brand..... QUICK TONIC TABLETS.....

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